The Outlook

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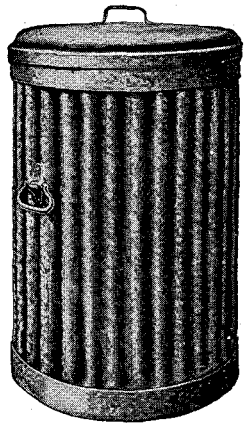

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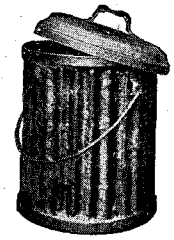

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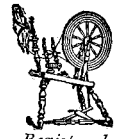

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1904

"False Witness" In an editorial very appropriately entitled "False Witness," the New York "Times" continues to offer itself as a circulating medium for anonymous slanders against men whose character, reputation, and past career ought to make their good name immune against such attacks. To our authoritative denial of these anonymous accusations the "Times" replies that "the editor of The Outlook knows nothing about the subject," and that "if the editor of The Outlook will leave his closet and get out among men he can get at these facts." It was because the editor of The Outlook had been among men and got the facts, and knew what he was talking about, that The Outlook was able categorically to deny the slanderous stories of the anonymous accuser to which the "Times" is giving circulation. And now the New York "Tribune" gives them equally explicit denial. It says:

> We have no doubt that the "Times" really believes the tale which it repeats, but it is mistaken. It has been fooled by some of Mr. Gorman's satellites, just as a Democratic National Committeeman, so it contritely confessed, fooled it about Mr. J. J. Hill and his half-million-dollar Parker campaign fund. As a matter of fact, no such concrete instance as it refers to ever occurred. We say that advisedly, and with authority. The story is not true. If the "Times" still believes it true, let it give its authority, and so make investigation possible. Who is the corporation official in question? In view of this distinct denial of the charge it cannot expect that its mere reference to some unknown, if not imaginary, person, who has not the courage to back up what he says and make its proof or disproof possible, will be enough to convict a man of Mr. Cortelyou's unblemished honor. It is now a case of unsupported assertion against square denial, and it can be nothing else till the "Times" furnishes specifications by which its accusation can be tested. In common decency it is bound to furnish them or withdraw its charge.

If now the New York "Times" fails to give names and dates in support of its stories, it cannot expect that honorable men will pay any attention to these anonymous accusations.

❀

Mr. Watson's Letter By far the liveliest contribution to campaign literature in the present canvass is the formal letter of acceptance of Thomas E. Watson, the candidate of the People's party for President. Mr. Watson in his letter shows that he is opposed to Judge Parker first and to Mr. Roosevelt second. He opposes both, but he expresses admiration for the Republican candidate and contempt for Judge Parker. Mr. Roosevelt, he says, is a straight-out Republican, who declares boldly for Republican principles, defiantly defending existing conditions. It is an easy job, he adds, to attack him, because he is a conspicuous and stationary target. Mr. Watson takes the position that he and not Judge Parker is the Jeffersonian candidate for the Presidency in this campaign. He holds that Judge Parker is the same thing practically that Mr. Roosevelt is, while vaguely pretending to be something different. The only difficulty is that Judge Parker will not plainly say so. If he would, Mr. Watson says that Judge Parker would lose the support of Bryan Democrats by the million, and he, Watson, would be able to organize a party of revolt against Republican rule that would sweep the country. Mr. Watson describes Judge Parker's position as "thoroughly disingenuous, profoundly lacking in true manhood and leadership." In accepting the nomination Mr. Watson says that he believes that any currency which the Government declares legal tender will be sound money so long as the Government is sound. He of course favors public ownership of public utilities. If he were elected President he would recognize the

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fact that labor and capital have reached a dangerous antagonism; he would establish a National bureau of arbitration, capital to choose one man, labor another, and he himself, as President, would choose a third. He would establish the principle of initiative and referendum in the enactment of laws, and would have Federal judges elected by the people. In view of the hesitation of many followers of William J. Bryan in the Democratic party to give Judge Parker cordial support, the appearance of Mr. Watson on the stump at this stage of the campaign in such debatable States as New York, New Jersey, West Virginia, and Indiana is an event that will arouse attention. A New York paper which made a canvass of political conditions in that State received reports from many points that Watson's speeches were making a deep impression. Mr. Watson bitterly resents the charge that he is in the pay of the Republicans.

❀

Campaign Progress Judge Parker's definite refusal to make a series of public speeches during the campaign has been received with disapproval by many of his supporters, who fear Democratic apathy in their own party more than they would activity among the Republicans. The demand to have him go on the stump has been general, but he has decided that it would not be wise. We think he is right. A canvassing candidate has never been elected to the Presidency. The Democrats boast of their success in capturing the labor party of Montana, and inducing it to indorse their electoral ticket. It is too early to gauge the importance of this move, but the claim of the Montana labor leaders that they can control their full voting strength of 26,000 will be accepted with reserve. It would seem likely, however, to aid the Democrats in their assault on the Rocky Mountain States. The Democrats, having lost confidence about results in Wisconsin, Rhode Island, and New Jersey, are bending all their energies on New York, Indiana, West Virginia, Colorado, Montana, and Idaho. The Republicans are meeting them at every point, and have the better organization. The leading men in the Democratic councils express the deepest chagrin at discovering that there is a large drift of the Irish-American and Hebrew vote away from them and to Mr. Roosevelt. The movement of the Catholic vote has become a National feature of the campaign, and is due to the fact that a large number of the clergy are warmly supporting Mr. Roosevelt, and doing it avowedly on the statement made by Judge Parker that he is in favor of promising to the Filipinos eventual independence, and doing it *now*.

❀

Reciprocity in Massachusetts Both the great political parties in Massachusetts held their State Conventions on the same day last week, and both adopted important reciprocity planks in their platforms. There has been much discussion in the State because of the defeat of the reciprocity treaties with Canada and Newfoundland, which has been laid at the door of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, now the acknowledged leader of his party in the State. It has been charged that Senator Lodge, General Draper, and other important men in the party opposed these treaties because they would, in their opinion, have destroyed the salt fish industry of Gloucester and encouraged manufacturing in Canada because of lower wages. But Boston has been feeling the need of commercial expansion. She has been wanting free trade with Canada. One great desire has been to have Nova Scotia coal admitted duty free. Another has been to have tariff barriers broken down so that the port of Boston would be the port of entry for Canadian steamers when the St. Lawrence ports are closed during the winter. Through the efforts of Henry M. Whitney, the chairman of a committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, a petition was signed by about sixty thousand Republicans of Massachusetts demanding reciprocity with Canada and Newfoundland and pledging themselves to vote only for such candidates for the State and National Legislatures as were

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in sympathy with the movement. This was done for its effect on Senator Lodge, who was expected to draft the State platform. The National Republican platform impliedly declared against reciprocity which would injure any American industry. This, of course, meant reciprocity only in non-competitive products. The platform adopted by the Massachusetts Republicans contains this plank:

> We also believe that still further measures should be taken toward negotiating reciprocity treaties with foreign countries, and especially with Canada and Newfoundland, upon such terms and conditions as will secure an enlargement of our foreign trade, for the common benefit of our people, wherever reciprocal arrangements can be effected consistently with the principles of protection and without injury to American agriculture, American labor, or American industries, or when, as President Roosevelt said in his Message of 1902, "the minimum of damage done may be disregarded for the sake of the maximum of good accomplished." In the language of the President's letter of acceptance, "we are on record as favoring arrangements for reciprocal trade relations with other countries, the arrangements to be on an equitable basis of benefit to both of the contracting parties."

This is a concession to the men who favored "flat" reciprocity, because it departs from the former position of Senator Lodge and General Draper in favor only of non-competitive arrangements, in that it adopts the view expressed by the President in his Message of 1902, that "the minimum of damage done may be disregarded for the maximum of good accomplished." This departure is likely to have influence with the party at large. The plank adopted by the Democrats reads as follows:

> The Democratic party stands for a comprehensive reciprocal trade treaty with Canada, not confined to non-competitive products, whereby our people may obtain cheaper necessaries of life and our manufacturers an enlarged market for their products, and we call upon our representatives in Congress to labor unceasingly to accomplish this end.

The Republicans renominated Governor Bates, and the Democrats chose as their candidate for Governor W. L. Douglas, a manufacturer of Brockton. It will thus be seen that the Massachusetts campaign has features of unusual interest.

The Wisconsin Decision

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has decided that the ticket of the La Follette faction is regular, and that this is the ticket which is to be printed by the State authorities as the regular Republican ticket. Our readers will remember that, under the decisions of the State Central Committee, the State Convention had a majority of La Follette delegates; that the Stalwarts, finding themselves in a minority, withdrew, held a separate convention of their own, and nominated a separate State ticket, but indorsed the same set of Presidential electors that was nominated by the La Follette Convention; and that the Republican National Committee decided in favor of the claims of the Stalwart delegation to represent the Republican party of the State in the National Convention. The Stalwarts then sought action by the court to compel the Secretary of State to place the Cook or Stalwart ticket on the official ballot under the name Republican, arguing that the National Convention's decision should govern, as that was the highest party tribunal. Mr. Cook has withdrawn, in accordance with his previous promise to withdraw from the field if the court decided against him, but the Stalwarts have nominated another candidate in Mr. Cook's place. The decision of the State court is based upon purely legal grounds. The statutes of the State contain the following provision:

> When two or more conventions or caucuses shall be held and the nominations thereof certified, each claiming to be the regular convention or caucus of the same political party, preference in designation shall be given to the nominations of the one certified by the committee which had been officially certified to be authorized to represent the party.

In this case the committee which has been officially certified to be authorized to represent the party is the State Central Committee. The La Follette Convention is the one certified by that Committee to be the regular convention. The decision of the National Republican Convention is not of any significance as a guide to the Secretary of State or to the committee authorized to determine the factional dispute under this section, because the laws of the State do not

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recognize any such body. The court adds:

> What the real rights of the matter in dispute might be found to be, were this court permitted to disregard the decision of the special tribunal, and investigate and determine the merits of the controversy from that standpoint, it has no right to decide or suggest. Duly constituted authority having spoken within its jurisdiction, it must be conclusively presumed here to have spoken rightly.

The law being what it is, we are unable to see how there could be any legal question in the case, and we can justify the action of the National Committee in rejecting the La Follette delegation and accepting the Stalwart delegation only upon the ground that it did not regard itself as bound by the laws of the State of Wisconsin. Without presuming to judge respecting the real rights of the matter in dispute, it looks very much as though the Republican National Committee had disregarded the legal and legitimate majority, and accepted as representatives of the Republican party of the State a delegation which really represented a minority of the legitimate Convention, if not a minority of the voters in the State. The three-cornered election will afford some indication of the relative strength of the two factions, although some Stalwarts will vote the Democratic ticket, and probably a considerable number of Democrats will vote for La Follette.

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Henry Clay Payne

The death of Henry Clay Payne, Postmaster-General, at the age of sixty one, of heart trouble supposedly produced by overwork, but we can hardly doubt aggravated by recent anxiety, is a pathetic incident. Mr. Payne, at twenty years of age, began business in Milwaukee with a capital of fifty dollars. He was a successful business man, and had he remained in business would have lived and died without National reputation, but also without assaults upon his character. He entered politics in 1872 at thirty-two years of age, at first as a private citizen, eventually making politics his vocation. He brought into this profession the habits acquired in business. Among these was the habit of choosing his own subordinates. All corrupt politicians are opposed to the method of appointment by Civil Service examinations, but all men who are opposed to the method of appointment by Civil Service examinations are not corrupt politicians. Efficient executive officers accept that method as only the lesser of two evils. Mr. Payne's frank dislike of the Civil Service restraints on the appointing power and his too narrow devotion to his party brought him under the suspicion of the professional reformers, who are unfortunately too often unable to discriminate between a narrow and a dishonest partisanship. Moreover, Mr. Payne was an effective business administrator rather than a great statesman, and did not, in popular estimation, measure up to the unusually high standard of the Cabinet which he entered when he was made Postmaster-General. His order that fourth-class postmasters should not be removed except for cause excited opposition among spoils politicians, but received very little applause from reformers, who are generally more ready with criticisms than with commendation. Frauds which had existed under previous administrations, but were brought to light under his, were charged against him by an undiscriminating public, which felt itself entirely justified in its judgment because Mr. Payne treated the first complaints against his subordinates cavalierly. His bitter disappointment and humiliation at finding himself at the head of a Department corrupted by frauds, and associated with men who were betrayers of their country as well as of his honor, and the unaccustomed and odious duty which these facts laid upon him and from which he would not draw back, proved too heavy a burden for him to bear, and he broke down under the strain.

❀

Mayor McClellan and Civil Service

By his act last week removing the entire Board of Municipal Civil Service Commissioners, and demanding instanter the resignation of the Commissioner of Parks for the Borough of the Bronx, Mayor McClellan, of New York City, has performed a public service of

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moment. To the praise that is due every act that promotes honesty and discourages the use of public office for private and partisan ends should be added in this case the praise that is due an act of conspicuous courage. The consequences of the Mayor's act will be so opposed to the interests of Tammany Hall, as those interests have been conceived by its leaders, that Mayor McClellan must have credit for doing a brave thing. It was the Civil Service Reform Association that called Mayor McClellan's attention to the violations of the Civil Service Law by the Commissioners. The Association has been investigating the conduct of the Civil Service Commissioners and the officers of various city departments. The Department of Parks in the Bronx, under Commissioner Schmitt, was the greatest offender; it had used the laborers in its employ for the wholesale distribution of political patronage. The Civil Service Commissioners had in turn permitted this lawless abuse of official power. When Mayor McClellan was advised of the facts, he wrote some vigorous letters. To the Commissioner of Parks he wrote:

> You state that numerous violations of the law were committed by the preceding administration for the benefit of its political supporters. Whether or not such may have been the case is beside the point now. No such precedent can be permitted to serve as a justification for any violation of the law by any member of the present administration.

In his letter to John H. McCooey, President of the Civil Service Commission, requesting his resignation, he used these words:

> It is not enough to urge that by such evasion of the law the city has sustained no pecuniary loss, or that political opponents were in their time adepts at such violations. Your oath of office, and mine, requires from each of us an effort to administer our respective trusts according to law, and in the public interest; and the city expects that that oath shall be kept with an exercise of intelligence and right conscience.

The wholesome political doctrine expressed in these words of the Mayor found exemplification also in his acts. The mean spirit that seeks to diminish the honor of a good deed by seeking out an unworthy motive has not been wanting in some of the Mayor's political opponents. In this case that mean spirit has not been able to find even plausibility in its insinuations under which to hide itself. Mayor McClellan has appointed a new Board of Civil Service Commissioners, with Mr. Bird S. Coler as its President.

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The World's Peace Congress

No session of the Universal Peace Congress exceeded in attendance or in importance the thirteenth, which closed in Boston last Saturday noon—an extra session having been necessary in order to transact all the business. Many subjects of large scope were discussed and many propositions of large possible good were acted upon favorably. A carefully prepared paper, in response to a vote of 1901, was presented from the International Bureau at Berne upon the economic causes of war, and the great factors were found to be plunder formerly and expansion of markets latterly. Secretary Hay's appearance was regarded as having marked international effect, for he identified the National administration with the movement more than has been done in the case of any foreign government. War's horrors and enormous wastefulness of life and property are mighty stimulants to peace work, and it was established to the satisfaction of all that every great nation on earth, without exception, has horribly black chapters in its history, due to its own guilt. The Russo-Japanese war promotes the peace movement exceedingly. All over the civilized world great gain is noted, with better organization and results. Outrages upon weak races are found to be the cause not only of frightful conditions among the sufferers, but also of gross degradation among the offenders. During the year since the last Congress ten arbitration treaties have been signed, and repeated regrets were expressed that the United States has as yet no arbitration treaty, though this country was given credit for pioneer service in the case of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. A plan for giving larger force to the arbitration clauses of the Hague Convention was submitted and approved. By a vote of 105 to 30 the Congress tabled

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a resolution in opposition to our large navy and for removing the suspicions of other nations in regard to the Monroe Doctrine. The Congress indorsed unanimously the resolution for a regular International Congress—the direct outcome of a petition presented to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1902, taken up in 1903 by the American Peace Society, and, by its powerful support, carried unanimously through the Legislature, and now pending before Congress—perhaps a first step toward the political organization of the world as one body. Vigorous measures were voted for spreading the peace work, by raising money, by work through the press, by lectures and various other means. A practical proposition which will appeal to all was the indorsement of international two-cent postage. Inquiry into the Congo atrocities was urged. What was said not to have occurred since the time of the Emperor Constantine was the union of Jews and Christians, including Catholics and many denominations of Prot estants, in calling and supporting a morning prayer-meeting during the Congress.

❀

Notable Delegates

In personnel the Peace Congress was as notable as its doings. Most striking of all delegates was the Hindu monk Baba Bharati, tall, powerful, strong, and acute, with his robe and turban, severely condemning England for its invasion of Tibet, full of good will to all, and distinctly affirming the divinity of Jesus Christ. Next in strangeness was the Chinese woman philanthropist, Dr. Yamei Kin, in bright national costume, pleading for the welfare of her country and for the cause of peace. There was the Japanese Jiro Abratani, an editor who has worked for peace these fifteen years, who shook hands on the platform with Dr. Chirug, the representative of Russia, each having previously professed his willingness to do so as a token of good will. John Lund, former President of the Norwegian Parliament, with his gray forked beard and striking profile and accent, was well worth seeing. Baroness von Suttner was a center of interest from first to last on account of her exceptionally large service, by pen and by personal work, for world peace. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was received with marked expression of reverence. Mrs. W. P. Byles, of England, was one of the strong women speakers. Dr. Melikoff, the Armenian, drew a graphic picture of the horrors in his country. Rabbi Levy, of Pittsburg, represented the Jews. General Miles brought the wisdom of an army officer for peace. Samuel Gompers and such foreign representatives as Mr. Curran and Mr. Green illustrated how keen and practical is the laboring man's mind when attacking the peace problem. Dr. Evans Darby, Secretary of the British Peace Society, was one of a very active group. Professors Ruyssen for France and Quidde for Germany brought scholarly presence and energy of person to the Congress, and plenty more foreigners deserve high praise for long service. There was E. T. Moneta, of Italy, grizzled veteran of the old Garibaldian army, vehement on the right side. There was Booker T. Washington, representing a constituency which illustrates the suffering of the weaker races. Not to be overlooked were President Paine and Secretary Trueblood, of the American Peace Society, and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Mead, who had the laboring oars of the Congress. Very impressive was, day after day, the flow of greetings and good wishes from organizations and persons in America and foreign countries; it proved what a strong hold the peace movement has secured even in Australia, and how this Congress is watched by thousands of eyes all around the world. The great throng at the banquet and speeches Friday night gave Boston's best social prestige in abundant measure to the peace movement.

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Opening of the Triennial Convention

Entire simplicity marked the service in Trinity Church which opened the General Convention in Boston last week. The absence of elaborate ritual emphasized the significance of the presence in the chancel of over eighty bishops, and in the nave of at least a thousand men, appointed representatives of the spiritual interests of

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the Episcopal Church, gathered to participate in the solemn office of the Holy Communion celebrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the presiding bishop of the United States, and their assistants. Bishop Doane's sermon urged the Church to seek unity in a spirit of inclusiveness rather than of exclusiveness, suggested largeness and liberality of interpretation, and pointed out that, in view of dangers to the faith to-day, safety lay, not in setting bars against investigation, but in urging men to push further on and deeper down to seek that truth which the Scriptures reveal. The House of Deputies, upon its organization, elected as its President the Rev. Randolph H. McKim, of Washington. In his eloquent address upon taking the chair, Dr. McKim emphasized the spirit newly evident in Convention, which esteems its functions to be higher and finer than those of a mere legislative body, canons and constitutions being valuable only as appurtenances to spiritual functions. Continuity with the past is valuable only as it serves to equip a venerable Church for the responsibilities of the twentieth century. The opening of the first business session brought a shower of memorials from widely separated dioceses asking for the permissive use of the Revised Version in divine service; resolutions denouncing lynching as a cruel and barbarous custom, against the laws of God and man; the appointment of a committee of fifteen, bishops, clergymen, and laymen, to prepare an efficient system of Sunday-school instruction; the acceptance of a report from a special committee appointed in San Francisco to consider a change of name for the Church, which declares such change inexpedient; and the reintroduction of the new canons on marriage and divorce. A great mass-meeting on Sunday afternoon was sufficient to indicate the strength available by the supporters of these stringent canons, Bishops Greer and Doane being prominent among the speakers for the indissolubility and sanctity of the marriage tie. The week was emphasized on the missionary side by a great service of the Woman's Auxiliary, whose members laid on the altar of Trinity Church the triennial offering of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a special gift made in addition to its annual and continuous offerings. Cambridge, with its historical services and its receptions by Bishop, deans, and private individuals, made memorable for convention members the close of its first week's sessions. The overwhelming hospitality of town and college centered in the Phillips Brooks House.

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The Archbishop of Canterbury in Boston

Archbishop Davidson has created in Boston an impression due only in part to the significance of his mission as the head of the Anglican Church coming as its representative to the American Episcopal Church in legislative convention assembled. In larger measure the enthusiastic acceptance given him is due to a personal presence marked by simplicity, dignity, and spiritual force, and to his rare adaptiveness, his complete identification of himself with the highest phases of American life. He seems to the manner born whether he speaks of Colonial times before an audience in Faneuil Hall, of the problems of young manhood in the twentieth century to Harvard undergraduates, or on the Convention floor concerning the spiritual unity of English peoples. Not the least remarkable of the great gatherings at which he has been heard was that at Sanders Theater in Cambridge, organized by the St. Paul's Society; received standing, by one of the largest audiences of undergraduates ever gathered there, he delivered an inspiring address on the call to Christian service in the twentieth century. His glimpse into the picture gallery of Lambeth Palace showed the successor of St. Augustine walking before the portraits of his illustrious predecessors from pre-Reformation times until to-day, and contrasting the serenity of their bland features with the stirring problems, alive and capable of solution, which marked their several days. To feel how here or there the opportunity for service that might have been enjoyed was missed, stimulated him to wonder what people will be saying one hundred years hence of those of to-day whose

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lives they may be looking back upon. "It presses one to ask with reiterated earnestness, What are the problems, what the call coming to me, at this hour? The call to Christian service in the twentieth century seems to me the ideal," he said, "of what a man of the highest ambitions and noblest resolves might wish for. God give you the power to answer to the call made upon Americans to-day in a measure that corresponds to the training that you are receiving." In conclusion, he spoke of impurity in life, home, and society as an evil opening the gates of hell—"one with which young men alone can grapple, which they can throttle if they will in the strength which comes from God in union with his Church." At a citizens' meeting in Faneuil Hall, introduced by President Eliot in a noble speech embodying the Massachusetts belief in religious toleration and in the elements of genuine personal religion, the Archbishop emphasized the strength of those links which have bound and are binding our peoples "absolutely and so indissolubly together that nothing conceivable in the chances and changes of life can blot the potency of the common heritage." Of his introduction to the General Convention the Archbishop spoke as the culminating moment of a journey undertaken in acceptance of an invitation of the presiding bishop. He appreciated the high privilege, and stood the first Archbishop of Canterbury to express in person the absorbing interest with which England watched the gathering strength of the American Church and its use of the boundless opportunities which God has set before it. The profound import of his presence at this Convention was foreshadowed at his consecration, when, first of all archbishops to be so honored, the hands of an American bishop, the venerable Whipple, were laid on his head. "To speak of ties and links between us," said the Archbishop, "would be inappropriate. With our spiritual ancestry until a day late in history absolutely one, the relations of the English and American Churches are not filial or fraternal, but identical." At the close of the inspiring address of the Archbishop the Convention rose, and by universal impulse joined in singing the ancient Christian hymn, "Gloria in Excelsis."

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A Death Race We can see no justification for the automobile race in Long Island last week, none for the action of the supervisors who permitted it, and none for the law which makes it possible. The mere facts that one man was killed, another was seriously injured, several automobiles were put out of the course and laid up for repair, and one barely escaped collision with a railroad train, more by good luck than good management, would not of themselves be conclusive against the race. Nor would the fact that for a considerable part of a day a great highway was diverted from its legitimate purposes and all traffic excluded from it. It is well to dare death in a noble cause; and all traffic is sometimes excluded for hours from important streets in a great city. But surely there should be some adequate advantage to be gained by the general public in order to justify forbidding the citizens all use of their highway, destroying one and perhaps two lives, and hazarding a score or more of others. And in this case there was no such advantage. The law of the State forbids an automobile to run on a highway more than twenty miles an hour. There are not in the State any special roads on which they may run at a greater rate of speed. It is clear that the use of immense locomotives running at a rate of sixty miles or more an hour on the highways is wholly inconsistent with the simultaneous use of the highway by pedestrians or horse vehicles. The only immediate result of this automobile race is to prove that the Panhard automobile in the hands of George Heath can violate the laws of this State to a greater extent and with greater peril to the community than any other vehicle that was entered for the contest. The proof of that fact is of no advantage to the public. Races should be confined to race-tracks. Those who are rich enough to build and operate such racing machines, if they wish to do so for sport, have no moral right to take possession of the ordinary roads for that purpose to the exclusion

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of the general public; and if they hope by their experiments to prove that they have a new method of locomotion which will eventually rival the railroad, they should build their own roads on which to conduct their experiments. The Legislature ought next winter to repeal the law which makes possible such races as that on Long Island of last week.

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A Russian Advance Announced

The somewhat rhetorical and pompous address to his army issued by General Kuropatkin as an order of the day last week asserts in positive terms that the Russian army is about to take the offensive. General Kuropatkin says:

> Heretofore the enemy in operating has relied on his great forces, and, disposing his armies so as to surround us, has chosen as he deemed fit his time for attack, but now the moment to go to meet the enemy, for which the whole army has been longing, has come, and the time has arrived for us to compel the Japanese to do our will, for the forces of the Manchurian army are strong enough to begin a forward movement.

The assertion in this same proclamation that the Siberian Railroad has been bringing in the last seven months "hundreds of thousands of men" to Manchuria must be taken with that grain of allowance which may always be granted to the pronunciamentos of military leaders, who are, of course, speaking as much for the ear of the enemy as for the encouragement of their own men. If it were really true that the Siberian Railroad has transported even two hundred thousand men in the last seven months, the inference would be inevitable either that the Russians had practically no force at all in Manchuria at the outbreak of the war—which would be a lamentable admission of lack of foresight and preparation—or that the Russian armies have been very much larger than has been supposed, and their repeated defeats by the Japanese the more discreditable. It is quite possible that longer continuance of inaction on the part of the Japanese armies than had been anticipated has led the Russian General to suspect that Field-Marshal Oyama may have withdrawn some part of his force southward to aid in the subjection of Port Arthur, and that the Russian advance is meant to ascertain the truth of this theory and to take advantage of the fact, if it is a fact. There has been since the proclamation some movement southward from Mukden toward Liaoyang by Russian forces, but nothing to make it certain that a genuine and extended offensive movement is under way. From Port Arthur there was last week no news of importance; attacks upon Russian positions continue and are apparently repelled; the Japanese have not yet occupied any one of the important forts on the flat-topped hill which faces the main position at Port Arthur and is separated from it by a narrow valley through which the railroad passes. The most important of the forts on this extensive hill are Etseshan and Antseshan (variously spelled, of course), and when the Japanese hold these places firmly and permanently, it would seem from their commanding height that the end of Port Arthur must then be at hand; apparently there has been no very serious attempt to carry these forts by assault within the last week or two, and opinion is still divided between the theory that the Japanese are now resolved to reduce the place by a close blockade and the theory that another grand assault will be tried—on November 3, some say, which is the Japanese Emperor's birthday.

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M. Bartholdi

Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, who died in Paris on Tuesday of last week, will be remembered in this country by reason of his friendly attitude toward Americans, and the gigantic Statue of Liberty which stands in the harbor of New York. He had been ill about three years, but continued his work in his studio to the very end, and spent his last days designing his own tombstone, which was completed the day before he took to his bed. His artistic talent was early recognized by Ary Scheffer, who took the boy into his studio, where he showed great interest in sculpture. His first statue was exhibited when he was at the age of twenty-two. A trip to the Orient gave him the opportunity of studying Egyptian art. During the Franco-German

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War he was attached to the Army of the Vosges, and displayed unusual energy and bravery. The Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World was presented to this country by France in 1884. It is the largest bronze statue in existence. In 1876 the French Government sent M. Bartholdi to Philadelphia to be a Judge of the section of Arts.

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Political Issues

V.—Tariff Revision

This article is addressed, not to those who believe in the present tariff and wish to make no change in it, nor to those who think that protection is robbery and wish to substitute for a protective tariff a tariff for revenue only; but to those who, whatever their opinion on that academic question, believe that the present tariff is seriously injurious and unjust, and needs radical revision. Will the victory of the Republican or of the Democratic party give greater hope for such a revision?

If we judge political parties by their past history, neither party gives much promise to the revisionist. Both Mr. McKinley and Mr. Roosevelt have declared themselves in favor of a modification of the present tariff by reciprocity treaties; but, as Mr. Parker has well pointed out, a Republican Senate has not only failed to pass such treaties when negotiated, it has not even reported them out of committee for consideration. On the other hand, the Democratic party in 1892 declared itself in favor of tariff for revenue only; Mr. Cleveland was elected on a pledge from the party to give the country such a tariff; but when the measure finally escaped the mutilating work of Mr. Gorman and his Democratic associates in the Senate, the result was neither a consistent protective nor a consistent revenue measure, and was almost as sharply criticised by Democratic as by Republican leaders. Not much is promised to the tariff revisionist by the past performances of either of the two great political organizations.

Under such circumstances the student has to consider, not the present promises of political leaders, but the temperaments and tendencies of the two bodies respectively. For organizations of men are like individuals—governed more by their unconscious temperaments than by their conscious purposes. It has repeatedly happened in human history that a party moved by an unrecognized but irresistible tendency within has done the very thing its leaders declared the party did not intend to do. So the leaders of the American movement in the colonies affirmed repeatedly and even vehemently that separation from Great Britain was not their purpose, and this they did almost up to the time when the Declaration of Independence was issued; so, again, the Republican leaders in 1850–60 affirmed that it was not their intention to interfere with slavery in the States, yet the party was driven by a resistless current to the Emancipation Proclamation. Can we see behind the declarations of leaders and platforms in 1904 the tendencies in the two parties which are stronger than statesmen? Can we discern whither those tendencies are driving the two political organizations?

The Democratic party is the party of individualism. It holds that the function of government is to govern; that when it has adequately protected the persons and property of the people it has substantially fulfilled its legitimate function; having done this, it should leave each individual to promote his own interests, neither aided nor hindered by the government; that to tax all the people in order to confer special privileges on a part of the people is inherently unjust; that protection is robbery because it taxes the consumer in order to promote the interests of the producer; and that no real or imagined advantage to the entire community can justify such a scheme of taxation. If the Democratic party comes into power and retains it, and is consistent with its principles, it will revise the tariff in the interest of a freer trade, if not of free trade; its objective point will be eventually to abandon the protective system altogether, and leave the industries of the Nation to the operation of natural law.

The Republican party, on the other

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hand, is the party of organization. It has inherited its principles from the earlier Whig and Federal parties. It believes that the function of government is not substantially fulfilled when it has protected persons and property; it believes in co-operation through government; it defends taxing one portion of the citizens for benefits which will be immediately and directly conferred upon another body of citizens, provided the prosperity of the State, and so indirectly and mediately the prosperity of the whole body of citizens, is promoted. An incident in the political history of government half a century or so ago may serve to illustrate the difference in principle.

Fifty or more years ago in the State of New York each road was kept in order by the farmers through whose neighborhood the road passed. The farmer paid his road tax in work; that is, the farmer did his allotted share, with man and team, to keep the road in his vicinity in passable condition. Roads that were more than neighborhood roads were termed turnpikes, and were frequently, if not generally, given over to a person or a corporation. This man or company was allowed to put a toll-gate at one end of this road and collect toll from all who went over it, in compensation for which he or it was supposed to keep the road in order. Thus the men who used the road paid for the road; the men who did not use the road were not taxed to maintain it. What could be fairer? Yet now that system has been abandoned, and very few toll-gates survive. By a recent law every town which votes a money tax for the improvement of its roads receives from the State a sum proportioned to that town tax; and some great highways are built toward the expense of which the State pays fifty per cent., the community thirty-five per cent., and the town but fifteen per cent. Under this system men in one part of the State are taxed to promote good roads in another part of the State which they never use and never even see; and the system is defended on the broad ground that the whole State is benefited by a system of good roads as extensive as the State.

It is on this principle that the protective system is defended; it is claimed that the whole Nation profits by the diversified industry promoted by protection; that justice does not require that each individual should pay the exact equivalent of his individual benefit; it only requires that the general benefit should be shared by all, and the general expense should be divided among all as equally as possible. If the Republican party comes into power and retains it, and is consistent with its principles, it will revise the tariff, if at all, in consonance with this principle. It will not abandon the doctrine that the Nation should promote American industry; but it may perceive, what some of its leaders already perceive, that protection to American industry involves something more than protection to American manufacturers; that the principle of protection requires it to open the doors to foreign markets, and so promote commerce and agriculture, and at the same time promote manufactures by developing foreign markets, as it has hitherto promoted them by developing a home market. If we read aright the tendencies of the two parties, the real question for the tariff revisionist is not whether the tariff shall be revised, but whether the revision shall be made by abandoning the protective system or by extending it, by withdrawing all governmental interference from industry and leaving it to the operation of natural law, or by extending the governmental interference with industry so as to promote commerce with other nations and open markets in other communities for American products, whether they are manufactured or agricultural.

Principles, however unconsciously held, are stronger than policies, however vigorously avowed. The Federal principle, on which the Republican party is founded, is stronger than the protective policy, which is only a method of its action. The Federal principle is in its essence a recognition of the organic unity, not merely of the State, not merely of the Nation, but of the whole human race. It may be thus stated: The State is more than a community of struggling individuals kept in order by government; the Nation is more than a Union

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of jealous States made to respect each other's rights by a written Constitution or a Federal government; and, similarly, the world is more than a congeries of separate sovereignties endeavoring to overreach and overtop and dominate each other. There is a world unity, just as there is a National unity and a State unity. Of this world unit the United States is and desires to be a part. It wishes no longer to separate itself from Europe on the one hand, or the Orient on the other. It desires to enter the council and confederation of nations. These nations must be governed by international law; America desires to have a share in determining what that law shall be. They must keep order in the uncivilized world; America desires to take its share in policing the world, and to be equipped with a navy adequate for that purpose. They must promote the cause of civilization—that is, of human development, and so of human happiness—among the undeveloped races; America desires to participate in this work of civilization, to take its share of the "white man's burden." They must have a common medium of exchange in order to carry on international commerce; America accepts the gold standard because America has entered the congress of nations, and this is the standard which that congress has adopted. They must be bound together by a mutual interchange of industrial products, an arterial system of trade and commerce; America must enter into this interchange, and be united with the other nations of the earth by this arterial system.

Such is the doctrine of Federalism extended; it is a doctrine of human brotherhood; the doctrine that the State is more than a few hundred thousands of individuals living in one geographical territory, the Nation is something more than twoscore of States united under one Constitution, and the world is something more than half a hundred different nationalities trying to get along peaceably on the same planet—and not succeeding very well. It is because the Republican party believes in this doctrine that it has fought to maintain an indestructible union of indestructible States; that it has taxed all the people of the Nation to promote the Nation's manufactures; that it has entered into the councils of the civilized nations and, through the diplomacy of John Hay, taken its share in shaping international law and in organizing and making effective a system of international arbitration; that it has shared with other nations in putting down riot and pillage in China and rescuing the empire from its own self-destruction; that it has agreed with the rest of the civilized world upon one standard of values. And this doctrine of organic unity, from which the Republican party can no more escape than a man can escape from his own temperament, will compel it to enter industrially into the commercial world and become a partner with other nations upon the basis that what is profitable to one is profitable to all. Nor will this require the party to abandon its principles; it will only require the party to carry them forward to their natural consummation. For the principle of the party is not exclusion of foreign products from the American market; that is only its method; its principle is protection to American industry. And as soon as its leaders discover that protection to American industry requires a freer interchange of the products of American industry with the products of other nations it will change its method in order to extend the operations of its principle.

Mr. McKinley's remarkable speech at Buffalo, just before his death, indicated that he saw this truth; it was a characteristically cautious expression of this tendency; it was a prophetic recognition of the principle of world-federalism. How fully Mr. Roosevelt sees this principle we are not sure; some of his utterances indicate that he recognizes it; his declaration that protection is not a moral issue indicates that he does not, for there is no question more profoundly moral than the question, Will a given policy promote or hinder the unity of the human race? But of one thing we are very certain: the future leaders of the Republican party will recognize the unconscious feeling of the great mass of the Republican voters after a world-unity, and will interpret that feeling by defi-

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nite measures toward a participation in a world-system of industrialism. The stars in their courses fight against the individualism of the Cleveland Democracy. The hope for a revision of the tariff lies in the full recognition of a world-federalism, toward which the Republican party is steadily moving, despite the dullness of vision of some leaders who cannot lead and the frantic opposition of some special interests whose resistance may delay but cannot prevent the final consummation of industrial fraternalism.

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The Man and the College

If news were printed by the daily newspaper with reference to its intrinsic value, and not to its interest for the moment for the greatest number of people, such exercises as those recently held at Union College, Schenectady, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of Dr. Eliphalet Nott's accession to the presidency of the College, would command the fullest reports; for there are no events of greater importance in the history of a people than the appearance of a man of great force and fertility of resources in a position of commanding influence and authority. The foremost citizens of America are not its most successful financiers, but its men of ideas, of spiritual leadership, of political foresight; its thinkers, its teachers, its statesmen, and its spiritual leaders; and American civilization is to be judged in the end, not by the produce of its fields, of its mines, or of its factories, nor by the accumulation of wealth reported in the census returns, but by the number of men and women of powerful personality, of progressive ideas, of high character, whom it produces. Such celebrations as that at Union College remind Americans from time to time that the issues of life are not in things, but in men; and that by the quality of its men and women the Nation must eventually be judged.

Such a commemoration reminds Americans also that the great man is still as essential in the academic field as are the best methods or the largest facilities. Conditions have greatly changed since Dr. Nott went to Union College in 1804. No college can do its work now with the means which were adequate one hundred years ago, and the steady appeal of the colleges for money is based on intellectual necessities. Education has become immensely more expensive, not only because the standards of living have risen, but because the field of work is so much wider, the appliances to conduct the work are so much more numerous, the educational force necessary so much larger. In spite, however, of the changed conditions, it is the human spirit of a college which educates, and the greatest influence which the human spirit ever receives is the influence of a great personality. That personality may express itself in different ways. In a man like President Eliot it expresses itself through a profound study of educational problems, development of educational methods, the reconstruction of educational systems. It is largely a matter of forecasting and of recasting. In the case of a man like Dr. Stanley Hall, a powerful personality expresses itself in its insatiable passion for knowledge, its mastery of several important fields of knowledge, its ability to inspire in others that zeal for learning which produces the great scholar. In Dr. Nott, as in Mark Hopkins and Francis Wayland, the power of the man lay largely in his personal influence; and his long service as President, extending over sixty-two years, was a continued outpouring of the energy and force of a powerful nature. Dr. Nott belonged to the pioneer period; and when the record of that period is made up, he will count as one of the founders—one of the group of men who were great through the power of ideas; whose means were limited, whose facilities were meager, who were able to see, as far as material results were concerned, very little return for their work in their own lifetime.

Dr. Raymond, in his admirable address, emphasized the fact that all the foundations laid by Dr. Nott were broad, adequate, and enduring. His plan lay in his own mind, for every great man has a genius for construction and builds in harmony with a vision

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clearly seen only by his own eyes. Dr. Nott, like some other men of his class, builded better than he knew, because he built in harmony with the laws and the purposes of a greater Architect. Union College of to-day is still greatly in need of facilities for doing its work, but its outlook has never been so bright nor its prosperity so great as under the devoted and skillful leadership of Dr. Raymond. It stands as a monument to the foresight and sagacity of a teacher and leader who built, not for his own time, but for the times to come, and who brought to his task the prophetic instinct; for, as Bishop Potter, his grandson, admirably said, the pre-eminent distinction in the public teaching of President Nott, whether in the pulpit or elsewhere, which lifted all that he thought and said above the level of his time, was the discernment of the drift and tendencies of his time and of the ideas that ruled it. And it was characteristic of Bishop Potter, who, like his grandfather, never lacks the courage of his convictions, to emphasize as an important element in Dr. Nott's character the one quality in his management of college affairs which called out the sharpest criticism in his own time. In his generation, as Bishop Potter said, young men and boys were divided into two classes—the predestined good and the foreordained bad—and in the general belief a college president's function was to recognize that fact and to make the best of it. This doctrine, either implied or implicit, Dr. Nott absolutely refused to accept. College life a century ago was under a discipline so rigid that only the predestined good, or those who were able to convey the impression that they belonged to that class, survived, and expulsions were made on hard and fast lines, without much reference to character nor much discrimination between offenses. Towards these scholastic vagrants, as Bishop Potter called them, Dr. Nott extended a friendly hand. He endeavored to distinguish in young men between depravity and waywardness, to exclude depravity and to save waywardness. For Dr. Nott was not only the President of a college, he was also a notable preacher in his time, with a command of the most striking rhetoric. His mission in life was moral and spiritual as well as educational, and his relations with his students of the most personal character. Perhaps no college president ever did more to redeem young men than President Nott; and the policy which in his time evoked sharp criticism, seen in the perspective of the later years, discloses his foresight and his spiritual sagacity. "When we are gone," said an eminent man who had been a student at Union under Dr. Nott, "no one will comprehend how he could have been what he was. The power he exercised over the boys was extraordinary; any one would have done anything permitted to human nature to satisfy him."

So great a personality as Dr. Nott's is not only of the first value to a college during his lifetime, but becomes one of its most important assets. It was said of a famous Oxford teacher that he had brought no large endowments to his college, that he had interested no royal patrons in its welfare, but that he had enriched it for all time by his scholarship, his devotion to learning, and the dignity and beauty of his life; for the real assets of a college, as President Faunce said at the closing exercises of the celebration last week, are to be found in such teachers as Dr. Nott, and it will be a sad day for the American college when that personal force goes out. It is pre-eminently the characteristic of the college as distinguished from the university; and the personal touch of the great teacher on the individual student is the best gift which a college can offer its students. "It is when you encounter the individual," said President Wilson on the same occasion, "and individual influence on individual is directed, that a real power is being concentrated. To be able to concentrate such moral force on the individual man was the chief virtue of Eliphalet Nott. He was a man of convictions, and a man that stood by his convictions. It is this kind of a man, who can justify every conviction that he possesses, that can sway the budding mind of the student and open the door for a new realization of ideals."

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Peace with a Sword

War and peace are usually held to be contradictory terms. Quietude and peace are often quite as contradictory. Peace sometimes carries an olive branch; often, however, in this world she needs must bear in her hand a sword.

Timidity was never, since the world began, the real friend of peace. Angry courage, on the other hand, has again and again saved peace from extinction. If a man love peace, let him not lose his capacity for wrath or his readiness to fight.

Among the great men of the world none is a profounder lover of peace than Count Tolstoy, and none is more combative. If he uses no weapon but the pen, it is not because he would escape conflict. In his hands the pen is the most effective kind of weapon. His love of peace is a wrathful love in the midst of a strife in which he alone faces his enemy, social wrong. If he has no faith in physical force, it is not because he lacks the belligerent spirit. The spirit of non-resistance is not the spirit of Count Tolstoy; it is not the spirit of him whose avowed disciple Count Tolstoy is. If peace is "freedom from disturbance or agitation," then the title Prince of Peace is a misnomer. For he to whom this name is given was the cause of mobs and was a center of disturbance and agitation. Even his disciples, by the preaching of his message, were counted agitators and disturbers of tranquillity. Not unjustly, they were charged with turning the world upside down. Wherever the peaceful spirit of Christ has gone there has followed conflict; for peace, as Jesus conceived it, was not peace as men commonly conceive it to be. He himself recognized this fact when he said to his disciples, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." And how distinct his peaceful mission was from that of those who say, Peace, when there is no peace, he expressed when he said, "Think not that I come to send peace on the earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword."

This saying by him who called the peacemakers blessed is a paradox to us only as we have an artificial notion of what sort of man Jesus was. It is not meekness but weakness which we attribute to Jesus when we think of him as opposed to the spirit that is willing to struggle. The kind of peace that Christ describes as that which the world gives is synonymous with tranquillity; but really peace is something better than mere tranquillity. True peace is indeed often co-existent with fierce conflict. It was because Jesus was a man who could struggle that he was a man of true peace. Those who seek the one kind of peace are willing to sacrifice principle and honor and duty, simply so as not to be disturbed; this is peace at any price. Those who seek the peace to which Jesus referred are willing to sacrifice comfort and quietness and tranquillity so as to be right; this kind of peace has no price. To the man who seeks one kind of peace it means freedom from disturbance, even if it costs the giving up of truth and justice and purity. To the man who seeks the kind of peace Christ gave, it means siding with the right even if it costs the endurance of wounds and pain and death.

Life abounds in illustration of these two kinds of peace. Before the Civil War, in one sense of the word there was peace—there was no war, soldiers were not in evidence, the country was free from military disturbance; and there were men who desired to maintain that peace. Political leaders were willing to make compromises in order that the Nation might preserve its freedom from agitation. But in the sense in which Christ used the word, there was no real peace, for the Nation was not clearly and consciously pursuing a course toward the right. Then the conscience of the Nation awoke and said, This is not a time for peace, but a sword. Then men ceased to compromise, and stood clearly, whether North or South, for their convictions; and at last, after decades of fictitious peace, was truer peace than there had been in the Nation for years. It is better to have the peace of Lincoln and Grant and Lee than the cowardly peace of the world.

It is well for a nation when it heeds

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the voices that bid it be wise. It is ill for the nation when it heeds the voices that bid it merely be tranquil. Sometimes there are voices that merely deplore conflict, that tell of the greatness of the burdens to be borne, of the hardships to be received, and of the death to be faced; they shout at us all the items of expense, and then they bid us compromise, parley, and withdraw for the sake of so-called peace. It is ill for the nation that heeds those voices, for the voices that tempt to cowardice are never the voices that speak of real peace.

The alternative between these two kinds of peace is set before every community through the presence of evil. Where streets are foul, where houses are unsanitary, there is the danger of unquietness. The process of cleansing, of turning families out of houses, of putting in force regulations of quarantine, means creating a disturbance. What the world calls peace is under such circumstances not to be desired. If the community is civilized, it will decide that the only peace it wants is that mental and moral serenity which comes when men strongly resolve and undertake to attack and overthrow that which is evil and unwholesome. Such an alternative is presented to communities which are suffering from outbreaks of violence. There the call to tranquillity is a temptation to cowardice. If the community is civilized, it will decide that untried men shall not be treated as criminals; that unoffending people shall not be terrorized; that the public streets shall not be a place for brawls or riots; and it will enforce its declaration by the means which civilization has placed in its hand. Such an alternative is presented to every community in which corruption exists. There men can be silent for the sake of what they call peace; but if the community is civilized, it will refuse to parley with those who use their power for oppression and extortion. It will cease to be indifferent to evil. It will be satisfied with nothing except that peace which can come only to the mind that is no longer hesitating between the evil and the good.

The time has come when between man and man the struggle against iniquity is no longer normally carried on with sword and pistol. The time is approaching, possibly, when that struggle will be carried on between nations, not with the barbarous weapon of war, but with the more enlightened and more effective weapon of international tribunes. But so long as there are men who believe in the sort of peace that Christ promoted, so long that struggle against iniquity will continue. So long as there is disorder, anarchy, oppression, injustice, or evil of any kind anywhere, so long will such men seek the peace which comes, not through freedom from disturbance, but often through conflict; the peace that comes only with work well done, with victory well achieved.

Impressions of a Careless Traveler

The Yosemite

THE latter part of March we were picking oranges under the sunny skies of Southern California; the middle of April we were driving through a snow-storm over the mountains to the Yosemite. I am not going to attempt a description of the Yosemite. All that photographic art can do has been done to make this wonderfully beautiful valley familiar to those who have never visited it. There are in literature pen-pictures of it, easily accessible to every reader, far better than any that I could draw. The reader who wishes to visit not merely the Yosemite Valley but the Yosemite Park—to know its trees, its flowers, its animals, its rocks, its narrow gorges, its mountain peaks—should read John Muir's "Our National Parks." All that I propose in this letter is to tell the reader how to go, and how not to go, to the Yosemite.

The way not to go is the way in which the characteristic American wishes to go. He takes a night train from San Fran-

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cisco to Raymond. There he gets on the "Cannon Ball." The "Cannon Ball" is a stage-coach which runs through from Raymond to the Yosemite, seventy-two miles, in one day. The American whose ambition it is not to see anything, but to say afterwards that he has seen something, gets over the ground with a rapidity which forbids him the opportunity to take note of flower, tree, rock, or mountain peak. He goes in July, because this is the month he can most easily spare from his absorbing business. He finds the stage-coach crowded with passengers clamoring for the best seats, and he must crowd and clamor or take the poorest. He finds the inns on the route thronged with hungry passengers, too eager to get on to enjoy their meals. He rides the seventy-two miles enveloped in a cloud of dust. He spends perhaps forty-eight hours, perhaps only twenty-four, in the Yosemite Valley, comes out as he went in, and marks off this marvel of nature as one of the things which he has "done." We did not choose the month of April for our visit to the Yosemite—it was chosen for us by the conditions of our trip. Our party of four secured a coach for itself, and therefore we could adjust the seats to our own convenience, allotting the seat by the driver now to one, now to another of the party, the only contention being, not who should get it, but who should be permitted to resign it to another. We took the night train to Raymond, and, after a comfortable breakfast, rode the first stage of the journey, twenty-four miles or thereabouts, to Ahwanee. Here the stages, to use the language of the road, take their dinner. Here we remained for the afternoon and over night. Ahwanee is nothing but a farm-house in a beautiful valley environed by foot-hills; but the farm-house has been converted into one of the most attractive inns it has ever been my good fortune to find either in this country or in Europe. When the stages had finished their dinner and driven off, we had this inn to ourselves. What did we do? My dear reader, did you ever try the experiment of doing nothing? To a busy man, living in the swim, sometimes going with the current, sometimes trying to stem it, doing nothing is a delightful experience. One gets acquainted in such an hour of repose with nature, with the flowers, with the trees, with the clouds, with the hills; he gets a new acquaintance with his traveling companions, and finds in their fellowship in this hour of rest new resources which work hours had never disclosed to him; he gets a new acquaintance with himself, and hears voices speaking in his own soul which the ear fails to hear when deafened by the tumult of the city.

The next morning we took the second stage of our journey, another twenty-four miles or thereabouts, to Wawona—an inn simple enough, yet of greater pretensions than Ahwanee, with larger accommodations for a traveling public, because the place where most tourists on the road from Raymond to Yosemite spend the night. From Wawona there are trails which one may take to near-by mountain peaks, or walks which one may take by the side of a roaring torrent, or into the solitudes of the primeval forest. From Wawona also one naturally goes the next morning to the famous Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. We did not essay this trip. The snow was three or four feet deep in the grove. Those who did attempt it were able to reach only the lower grove. One party was stalled in the snow, and had to get out and do more tramping than I should have cared to attempt in four feet of snow five thousand feet above the sea-level. So we missed the Big Trees. That was a disadvantage of an April trip to the Yosemite. But the real way to enjoy the Big Trees is to do as John Muir wanted Ralph Waldo Emerson to do, and as Mr. Roosevelt last year did do—camp out under them. The third stage from Wawona to the Yosemite leads by an ascending road along the edge of a great ravine, with splendid distant views, and equally splendid near ones. We took it just after a snow-storm. The trees were laden and the ground was covered with the snow. The beauty of this virgin forest, clad in white and glistening in the sun, defies all description, at least all of which my poor pen is capable;

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and yet, when I got out at one point where we stopped to change our horses and remarked to a fellow-passenger on another coach on the beauty of the ride, he answered me almost savagely, "Maybe 'twould be beautiful in the summer, but I can't see any beauty in it now; it is too cold." I thought to myself, "Who having eyes see not;" but I said nothing.

If I had the story-teller's skill of a Henry van Dyke, I should like to introduce to my readers our companionable stage-drivers, each one of them with his very distinctive individualistic character, yet all of them having certain typical characteristics in common. They were all good story-tellers. They reminded me of the skippers with whom I have sailed in Penobscot Bay, of one in particular in whose yarns it was easy to detect a spicy intermingling of fact and fancy. The California stage-driver is also a yarn-spinner; and yet his stories are not only in their structure but in their spirit quite different from those of the sea captain. I think the stage-driver has less imagination, and that in his stories he keeps more closely to the historic facts. I wish I could repeat here, in his style, the story one of our drivers told us of the German baron.

"The baron came here with a woman from the East and her daughter, and it was as easy to see that the woman was bound to make a match for her daughter as it was that the daughter was bound the match should not be made. The stage drove up to the hotel and the mother got in; as the daughter was about to follow, the mother said to her, 'I wish you would go back and write that letter; there will not be time to write it at Raymond, and we must mail it there.' The daughter went back, obedient, and when she came out, letter in hand, the stage had gone, and I was following. I had only one passenger—the German baron. It was easy to see through that little device of the mother. And wasn't the daughter mad! However, there was nothing to do but accept the situation, and so she did. It was a three-seated stage, and the two sat together on the middle seat, and he tried to talk French with her, but she wouldn't. Nothing, if you please, but English for her. It was quite clear she meant that nothing should go on between them which I couldn't understand. She was so chilly that she finally froze him out, and when we stopped to change horses he climbed up on the front seat alongside o' me. Presently he called on me to give him the reins. 'I want to drive,' he said. 'Well,' said I, 'you can't.' 'But I drive a four-in-hand in my own country,' said he. 'Well,' said I, 'you can drive a four-in-hand in your own country if you like, but you can't drive this four-in-hand.' 'Do you know,' said he, with a kind of toss of his head, 'that I am a German baron?' 'Do you know,' said I, 'that we have German barons in this country a-curryin' horses?' He kept quiet for a while, but presently he made a grab for the reins, and we were within an ace of going over the precipice, for he took me by surprise. I pulled the horses round on to the bank on the other side, and then I grabbed him by the throat. I only meant to knock his head against the carriage side, but I was pretty hot, and I shook him harder than I meant, and first I knew he was out of the carriage on the ground, and then I drove on. Then she interceded for him. He would have three miles to walk to the next stop where we changed horses, and he would have gotten there after the last stage had gone. So I stopped and told him he might get in on the back seat if he would behave himself; and he did, and sulked all the way to Ahwanee."

The Yosemite Park is a large section of forest, mountain, and gorge reserved by the Federal Government, and under its supervision and care. Within this reserve, unfortunately, there are considerable portions which had been taken up by private owners before the Federal Government reserved the region for a park, and these private owners are cutting down the forest trees for the timber in the usual rude and reckless fashion. We have game laws which forbid men to catch trout under a certain specified size; it is a misdemeanor to catch such trout even in one's own brook, on one's

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own ground. There is much better reason for a law making it a misdemeanor to cut down trees under a certain size even upon one's own grounds, for there is much more reason for preserving our forests than for preserving our game. But the only practicable way now of preventing this deforesting of the Yosemite Park is the purchase of these private properties by the Federal Government. What hope there is of this I do not know; but I was told while in the Yosemite that there is a strong movement being made by a great railroad corporation to open a part of the now closed park to settlement, the avowed reason being that the land is too valuable commercially to be kept as a wilderness, the real reason being that the railroad wants to run its line up into the valley, or at least to the edge of it.

The Yosemite Valley itself, which is only a small section in the Yosemite Park, belongs to the State and is under its care. So far, happily, it has been left substantially in its natural condition, unmarred by the hand of the spoiler. One gets his first view of it as he drives over what the Maine farmers call the "height o' land," and looks down two thousand feet into the narrow valley below him. We looked upon it in silence then; I have no inclination to be garrulous about it now. It was a little like some of the most impressive of the Norwegian fiords, but it had a grassy meadow for its floor instead of the sea; a little like the Hudson River just north of West Point, but the valley was twelve miles long instead of five, and the mountains four thousand feet above the floor of the valley instead of fifteen hundred. Our stay in the valley was all too short. What little time we had we used, not for the purpose of seeing the greatest number of sights, but for the purpose of getting the most intimate acquaintance with what we did see. Trails have been laid out which lead up the apparently inaccessible sides of the mountains that inclose this valley. Where one would hardly imagine an expert mountain-climber could make his way, a path has been made, up which the mountain ponies carry visitors in safety, if not always in comfort. If one could spend a week or ten days in the valley, I could imagine that he would find great delight in taking some of these trails and looking down into the valley from the heights above. The snow made some of them unavailable, others possible yet hazardous. It was neither the difficulty nor the hazard, however, which prevented our undertaking them. Would you rather have one intimate friend or a hundred chance acquaintances? I prefer the intimate friend. So a considerable part of the hours spent in the Yosemite Valley I spent sitting on the upper piazza of the hotel in almost absolute quiet, looking at the great domes opposite and getting thoroughly acquainted with the exquisitely beautiful Yosemite Falls, which spring from the height above to the valley below, a distance of 2,600 feet, of which 1,500 feet are taken in one unimpeded and unbroken leap.

The Yosemite Valley is often spoken of as unique. So in one sense it is, though the Sierras are said to be characterized by many analogous ravines, of which this unique valley is the most striking and with walls the most precipitous. I can hardly imagine a more delightful summer experience than to go into the Yosemite Park with two or three congenial companions, get a competent and agreeable guide or two, and then spend four to six weeks traveling through these gorges, over these mountain ridges, in this primeval forest, camping at night, the fir boughs for a pillow, the sky for a roof, the trees and flowers and ferns for decorations, nature animate and inanimate for the interpreter, and God as the Great Companion. Next to this is to take this journey in imagination, with John Muir as a traveling companion. There are two kinds of companions that one may take to aid him in getting acquainted with nature—one the scientific observer, the other the poetic interpreter. The scientific observer sees with accuracy and depicts with skill the visible facts and phenomena. He will describe to you the appearance of the rock, the color of the flower, the form of the leaf, the habit of the animal; he will help you to see what without his

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help you would not see. The poetic interpreter believes that all nature is animate; that there is a certain nameless and indescribable spirit which unites not only the animal race to man, but the so-called inanimate nature to both; that there is a living intelligence in the rock, the flower, the tree; that the ancient myths which perceived gnomes and sprites and goblins and fairy-folk in them, dimly discerned and imperfectly interpreted a life which truly animates and speaks through them. The scientific observer never can understand the poetic interpreter, and scoffs at him; but I believe, with the poetic interpreter, that there is in nature a deeper truth which the eye has not seen nor the ear heard, but which the heart of man can understand. To this class of interpreters belongs John Muir. He has the same spirit of fellowship with the animal race that gave to Francis of Assisi his love for animals, and gave to them their love for him. He has that understanding of nature and that love for nature which springs from the perception of God in nature, a perception which belongs only to souls endowed with the clearest vision. I know not where to find in literature a finer description in which scientific observation and poetic feeling are intermingled than in his account of an experience in the Yosemite Valley which interpreted to him the phenomenon that unnumbered years ago produced this great cleft in the mountain range:

In Yosemite Valley one morning, about two o'clock, I was aroused by an earthquake, and though I had never before enjoyed a storm of this sort, the strange, wild thrilling motion and rumbling could not be mistaken, and I ran out of my cabin, near the Sentinel Rock, both glad and frightened, shouting, "A noble earthquake!" feeling sure I was going to learn something. The shocks were so violent and varied, and succeeded one another so closely, one had to balance in walking as if on the deck of a ship among the waves, and it seemed impossible the high cliffs should escape being shattered. In particular I feared that the sheer-fronted Sentinel Rock, which rises to a height of three thousand feet, would be shaken down, and I took shelter back of a big pine, hoping I might be protected from out-bounding boulders, should any come so far. I was now convinced that an earthquake had been the maker of the taluses, and positive proof soon came. It was a calm, moonlight night, and no sound was heard for the first minute or two save a low, muffled underground rumbling and a slight rustling of the agitated trees as if, in wrestling with the mountains, nature were holding her breath. Then, suddenly, out of the strange silence and strange motion, there came a tremendous roar. The Eagle Rock, a short distance up the valley, had given way, and I saw it falling in thousands of the great boulders I had been studying so long, pouring to the valley floor in a free curve luminous from friction, making a terribly sublime and beautiful spectacle—an arc of fire fifteen hundred feet span, as true in form and as steady as a rainbow, in the midst of the stupendous roaring rock storm. The sound was inconceivably deep and broad and earnest, as if the whole earth, like a living creature, had at last found a voice and were calling to her sister planets. It seemed to me that if all the thunder I ever heard were condensed into one roar it would not equal this rock-roar at the birth of a mountain talus. Think, then, of the roar that arose to heaven when all the thousands of ancient cañon taluses throughout the length and breadth of the range were simultaneously given birth! The main storm was soon over, and, eager to see the new-born talus, I ran up the valley in the moonlight and climbed it before the huge blocks, after their wild, fiery flight, had come to complete rest. They were slowly settling into their places, chafing, grating against one another, groaning, and whispering; but no motion was visible except in a stream of small fragments pattering down the face of the cliff at the head of the talus. A cloud of dust particles, the smallest of the boulders, floated out across the whole breadth of the valley and formed a ceiling that lasted until after sunrise, and the air was loaded with the odor of crushed Douglas spruces from a grove that had been mowed down and mashed like weeds.

To realize this description one needs to read it in the valley; to comprehend the grandeur of the valley one needs to read in it this description, hinting at the sublime experiences of nature by which the valley was formed. L. A.

P. S.—In response to my request for information, a correspondent from Maine writes me that there is in that State a very successful provision of homes for homeless children analogous to those established by Mr. and Mrs. Smith in California. These Maine homes provide for about one hundred and fifty children, both boys and girls, and bear the title The Good Will Homes.

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Of the North's Part in Southern Betterment

By William Garrott Brown

Author of "A History of the United States Since the Civil War," "A Gentleman of the South," etc., etc.

A CONSIDERABLE number of Northern people desire to help the people of the South with their peculiar tasks and burdens. The activity of these and of other Northerners is always a part of the Southern situation. But, unfortunately, the efforts from the outside to better Southern conditions have frequently failed altogether; in some instances they have apparently done more harm than good. Nothing in life is more discouraging than the waste of benevolence. The purpose of this paper is to be helpful to the would-be helpers of the South. Its only preface shall be the writer's confession that of all the mistakes against which he would like to warn them there is scarcely one into which he himself has not at some time fallen, and with less excuse than they could offer.

Two of the worst mistakes are usually made at the very outset. They are, in fact, not so much mistakes as sins. We may as well deal with them candidly, bluntly. The first is insincerity; the second, self-righteousness. They are so frequently found together that it is not easy to distinguish between them; perhaps it is not necessary. Either is sufficient to bring about results to the last degree exasperating to everybody but the person who should be the most concerned.

Benevolence turned Southward cannot be exempted from the questioning to which all other public activities are subjected. We always have a right to inquire into the real purposes of those who concern themselves with other people's affairs. If, in our present instance, the motive is any other than the single desire to do good in the world, there is nothing to command our respect.

It is useless to catalogue what merely selfish motives there may be. Out of any situation or set of conditions in the world capital can be made; it would be strange indeed if none should be made out of so big a thing as what we vaguely call the Southern question. From the beginning, all there is of bad as well as good in human nature has played upon it. How the politicians, North and South, have profited by it is fairly well understood. To other classes at the North it always presents an opportunity to indulge proclivities not so openly predaceous but quite as disagreeable. One is the sort of aggressive hortation that now riles with patronizing, now maddens with an "I told you so." Another is sheer dogmatism, utterly unregardful of the actual consequences, in human lives, of "trying out" its contentions. Unless the motive be unselfish, unless the spirit be a spirit of humility and of sympathy, there is no reason why benevolence in the Southern field should not miss its mark as surely as it does in every other; and there, as everywhere, self-seeking or self-assertion in the guise of benevolence is about as detestable a thing as one finds in human nature.

This aspect of the matter is one to be hurried over, but it is necessary to point out how good causes in the South—causes close to the hearts of the best people of both sections, and involving the welfare of both the races—suffer from the failure of persons at a distance to deal more candidly with their own moral and intellectual fitness to take a hand in the work. In the editorial columns of the more important Northern dailies and weeklies much space is regularly devoted to the South. It is as if there were always a "South" editor, with a desk alongside the snake editor's. The object of this work is usually identical with that of most other newspaper work. It is, in each individual case, to please the constituency of that particular periodical. But the comparative remoteness of the subjects discussed and the unimportance of the South as a field for circulation make also an un-

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usual opportunity for freeing the editorial mind. One result is a responsive arrangement in Southern newspapers by which the shortcomings of Northern civilization are accorded quite as liberal an amount of equally illiberal animadversion. The really serious consequence of this state of affairs in American journalism is that the extremists and reactionaries in the South, the soreheads and the politicians, are never left without material for appeals to popular prejudices, precisely as the excesses of Southern partisans have so many times enabled politicians to appeal successfully to prejudice in the North. Shallow answering unto shallow, the deeps are sometimes stirred. Any cause that has to be tried before public opinion can be hurt by tactless advocacy. The best causes in the South are forever being endangered by Burchards in the Northern press.

Ignorance is not the worst thing we have here to deal with. The central and really mischievous fatuity in too much of the Northern criticism of Southern ways lies in this: that it commends to other people courses which it is humanly certain the critics themselves would never, under the same conditions, consent to take. The essence of their unfairness is the failure to put themselves in the place of the people they are discussing.

To be more specific, the Northern man who does not in his own place, in his daily life, in his dealings with the human beings about him, practice indifference to distinctions of class and race, has no business preaching human brotherhood to Southerners. To attack the universal selfishness of exclusion is quite within his rights; but he ought to say "we," not "you" or "they." It is hard to overstate the importance of the mere choice of pronouns. I have heard often enough the complaint of Northern editors that they cannot see why the South should demand a different sort of treatment from the rest of the country. "Why," they ask, "is it not permissible to criticise things down that way as freely as we criticise things up here or out West?" Yet in nine cases out of ten the fact is that they do not discuss the South the same way they discuss other sections. They are themselves forever assuming, and implying by the language they use, that very separateness against which they protest. There is a separateness, the plain result of history, which it is idle to ignore; but it does not justify the assumption that human nature is in the North immune to any one of the perversities it sometimes exhibits in the South. If I were writing primarily for Southern readers, the terms "South" and "North" would be transposed.

I trust that this will not seem an undue insistence on the essential in all helpfulness—that one must begin at home. What is said applies not merely to the press, but to all who in the North in any way take part in the discussion of Southern questions; that is to say, to the North's principal constant part in those questions. For criticism, the formation and expression of opinions, is in fact the only share the great mass of Northern people have or can have in the working out of Southern problems. Now and then, it is true, they may still have some influence on the course of the legislation at Washington which affects the South, or count some other way in politics. But the direct interaction of Northern and Southern public opinion is now probably more important than any political relations between the sections. It is in that way that outside interest has the most effect. The positive good it may accomplish is hardly commensurate with the mischief; but sympathy, intelligent appreciation, genuine good will—these things travel far, and they will not anywhere go begging. The right word as well as the wrong word wins its responses across the Potomac.

The Northern man who has nothing to give but fair thinking and temperate speech may yet make a real contribution—though sometimes the men who are actively at work for betterment will be most grateful for an entirely negative contribution of self-restraint. There are certainly times when a golden silence is the best thing he can possibly contribute. I cannot forbear recalling a fight recently waged by Southern men in a Southern State for the good old cause of free

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speech. To their rescue rushed a Northern journal—with patronizing words for them, with intemperate and in great part unjustified abuse of their opponents. When the fight was won, it was generally agreed that with a few more champions like that particular newspaper it would have been lost.

There remains the much smaller group of Northern people who can and will take such an active part in the works of betterment as may be open to outsiders. Granting them sincerity and candor, it is a pleasanter side of the matter to consider the things that they can do, the ways they can be of service.

And the best way of all, the best thing they can conceivably do, is, I am persuaded, to cease to be outsiders. Most of us will agree that the great underlying cause of the ills and perplexities peculiar to the South is that the proportion of negroes, whether as slaves or freemen, has always been so much greater there than elsewhere. We may attribute such things as the backwardness in education and in the accumulation of wealth partly to mistakes and wrongs; but those particular mistakes have been made, those wrongs committed, because the negroes were there. Few can doubt that it would be a gain to lessen the proportion of negroes, whether by distributing them more equally throughout the country, or by the immigration of whites. In parts of the South systematic efforts are now being made to bring more white people in. The currents of migration and immigration do seem to be beginning to turn Southward, where lie incalculable resources still scarcely touched. It is on all grounds desirable that this movement should continue, and that many educated, competent Northern young men and young women should join the growing streams. Even if the negroes are the especial object of one's good will, to go and live where the mass of them are found is the best approach to any effective beneficence. One man living in daily contact with them, understanding them, familiar with their lives and their actual conditions, can doubtless do more to help them than a hundred men a thousand miles away.

But it is a serious business changing one's home, even in America. Let me add, therefore, that next to going South to live the best thing a Northern man can do is to go South to travel, to sojourn a while in typically Southern communities, to learn to know the life and the people, white and black, as they are. Advice and warning may be worth while—this paper could not else be justified—but first-hand knowledge is far better. The experience is sure to be interesting. No other part of the country is for purposes of travel so comparable to "abroad." It cannot but be counted one of the most deplorable mischances in our history that neither Charles Sumner nor Thaddeus Stevens, who wielded for a time such extraordinary power over the South, had ever penetrated beyond its borderland. They did not know at first hand the life with which they were dealing so intimately, so drastically. To-day, when travel in all parts of the South is no longer difficult, there is no reason why Northern philanthropy should ever plan or work in the dark. It is true, unfortunately, that one may go South or even live South and still remain a stranger, an alien. But that happens seldom nowadays, and usually to people who either fail to do their part towards making friends or show themselves wanting in good sense and tact. On this point anything like advice would probably be unnecessary or vain. An exception must, however, be made of the teachers in negro schools. In too many communities they still suffer from an ostracism which it is doubtful if they have done anything to provoke. Of this there is nothing to be said by way of extenuation. It is deplorable and wrong.

For those who cannot go South either to live or to travel there is always, of course, the opportunity to give of their money or their time to the various movements and agencies that look towards betterment. To speak of these in detail would carry us beyond the limits of this paper. The great majority are educational, and wisely so. But there is need of the closest scrutiny, the soundest judgment, in choosing which of them to support.

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In general, those are to be preferred which have commended themselves to the more thoughtful, liberal, and progressive of the Southern white people. In every considerable Southern community I have ever known there is to be found a group of men and women as high-minded and as genuinely public-spirited as there is in any Northern community. Their help and guidance can always be secured. Their knowledge of local as distinguished from general Southern conditions is invaluable, and so, in times of criticism and misunderstanding, is their championship and protection. On the other hand, it is hard to believe that any enterprise can be permanently successful against the public sentiment of the white people among whom it is attempted. Their mastery of the whole social and political system of their section is as complete to-day as it ever was. They would be a little less than human if with their history they were not a little more jealous than is common of anything that looks like interference with their affairs. Their sufferance is indispensable; their approval and support would be far better.

The native-born white people of the South ought always to be considered first in any scheme of beneficence that aims at the greatest possible good. They outnumber all the other elements. Their mistakes may have been great; their misfortunes have been greater. It has for many years been impossible for them to maintain the same standard of education and of competency that the North does. Yet it is they and not the negroes who will always determine what Southern standards shall be. Further still, it is they who control the mass of the negroes and fix the conditions of their lives. Some years ago, I made up my mind that by the spread of education and culture among the whites more can be done to secure good treatment for the negroes as they are than in any other way. I am still of that opinion. I have happened to read, the same day, two striking expressions of the same view. Senator Hoar, in the chapter on Reconstruction in his Autobiography, used this sentence: "The negro question will be settled when the education of the white man is complete." President Booker Washington has said in a Boston speech that the best protection we can give to every negro child in the South is to educate every white child in the South.

Of help to be extended directly to the negroes, nothing is at present so urgently needed as more and more of the sort of training that will make them industrially competent. The question of the immediate future is of their ability to stand a sort of competition which they have never faced before—the competition of white men of various races, for work which formerly went to them as if by prescription. I have deeply sympathized with other demands for them. The demand for complete freedom of development on all the lines of human aspiration which Professor Du Bois, of Atlanta, has made so eloquently, cannot be denied on any ground of right. But to concede its rightfulness brings us not an inch toward the realization. The world being as it is, material well-being is the only avenue which seems to lead that way. To-day, the highest wisdom is the most intensely practical acceptance of the facts of the negro's condition and of his actual opportunities and dangers. Before we can deal with his possible development in an indefinite future, we must make sure of his industrial survival. Before he can occupy any higher place, he must secure the place he has. No rebellion of his, no humanitarianism of ours, can nullify for a day the law of the struggle.

In the Tideway

By Priscilla Leonard

Though wrong may win, its victory is brief.
The tides of good at first no passage find;
Each surge breaks, shattered, on the sullen reef,—
Yet still the infinite ocean comes behind!

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American Teachers and the Filipinos

By Helen P. Beattie, an American Teacher

A GREATER difference than that which exists between the American school system as operated in the United States and the same system as adapted to conditions in the Philippines at the present time can hardly be imagined. The attempt is being made—and not in vain—to graft a twentieth-century educational system into a sixteenth-century educational situation, and the process, as may be readily believed, is interesting in the extreme.

Owing to the fact that the Archipelago is divided into thirty-five school divisions, each having its own peculiar class of people as well as physical and political conditions, and having a school superintendent who has his own ideas regarding the working out of the details of the general plan, no one person can describe conditions as they are throughout the islands. One superintendent may have an isolated division among the savage Moros, where there is none too much eagerness for book education, but where instruction in the manual arts is very acceptable; while another has a rich hacienda country, where the people are either landed proprietors or the poorest of laborers, and where manual training is in disrepute and book lore is desired; another may have wild mountain tribes under his charge. The writer describes the work only as she knows it, and is aware that one living in a different part of the Archipelago might tell a very different story.

In the days just past, the great masses of the poor Filipinos had no educational opportunities at all. They could not read or write, and often did not know their own surnames or the date and place of their birth. They were not encouraged to learn, as the Church secured a blinder, more unquestioning obedience, and the farmers a more docile laboring class, from an ignorant population.

The rich knew the value of education, and sent their sons to Manila, and often to Europe, for instruction, but it was not thought necessary to educate their girls to any great extent. The instruction they could gain in the nearest convent school was usually considered sufficient. Rich boys were nearly always trained for the learned professions, and the result is an army of poor, proud, half-educated lawyers and doctors.

There were schools in the towns, always more or less under the domination of the Church, where the children learned to write and to read the "Doctrina Cristiana," as well as to chant long prayers. Religion was almost the only thing taught them. There was no attempt at discipline, in fact no attempt at much of anything. Schools ran throughout the entire year, but on every trivial Church or national holiday they closed, so children really had plenty of rest from their memory exercises. In the large and wealthy towns there might occasionally be found a teacher who had studied in Manila, and who enjoyed a comparatively high rank and salary; but the mass of the teachers were poorly paid, ignorant, without ambition, with no *esprit de corps*, and were distinctly looked down upon by society at large. Their salaries were paid only after all other town expenses had been met, and in the case of a shortage in municipal funds the teachers' salaries were the natural things to neglect. Also the wonderful thrift which high officials displayed in the discharge of their duties sometimes fell hard upon the "maestros," as is evinced by the fact that, in one instance which fell under the writer's notice, one-tenth of each teacher's salary went into the Governor's pocket as his just and reasonable commission.

The school-houses found by the Americans on occupation were, almost without exception, wretched affairs, much too small to accommodate the hordes of children that were always within sound of their bells, but who probably, save a

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small minority, never entered the doors. Education was not compulsory in the slightest degree, and the children came one day and stayed away ten days, or came not at all, as they pleased. Benches were provided—never enough—and usually without desks; and children crowded together on them as closely as possible, and played, talked, and chanted their lessons aloud, so that a public school could always be located from afar. The roof was often open to sun and shower, and there was frequently no floor beyond Dame Nature's universal one. In the rainy season the ground became wet and muddy, and the poor urchins contracted rheumatism and other ills.

It could hardly be expected that well-to-do parents would send their children to these public schools, as, in addition to exposure to weather, children were exposed to nameless horrors in the shape of dirt, disease, and vermin, from being brought into close contact with the neglected little ones of the lower class. Private schools flourished for the children of the upper class, but, save the fact that these were "pay" schools and hence more select, there was no difference between them and the public schools. The teaching was as poor and the accommodations were but little more adapted to school needs.

It was into such a state of affairs as this that the American teachers came. Surely much had to be done, and done quickly. School-houses had to be built or repaired, often with only half encouragement from the town officials, who either grudged or could ill spare the necessary money from the treasuries for the work; seats and books had to be provided, the helpless native teachers had to be uplifted, encouraged, and started to study, the children had to be taught to wash their bodies and their scanty garments, and the non-attendants had to be gone after and brought in. The American teachers who came to do this work were of all kinds and conditions. There were fresh young college graduates seeking adventure or a sight of the Orient, or money with which to resume study. Men and their wives came lured by the hope of earning and saving during a few years away from civilization. Earnest men and women signed for the work whose only qualification was missionary zeal, and with them came the kickers whose only object in life seemed to be criticism of the rest.

The experienced teachers who came with firmly established ideals and methods had, probably more to discard and forget than the inexperienced college graduate had to learn. Energy and ability to organize and manage counted for more than pedagogy and methods of instruction, for the teaching done in the Philippines is of the simplest character. The weak man very soon found himself beyond his depth, and kicked and cried for relief, or struggled and gained a footing, according to the degree of his weakness. The misanthrope growled at the government which had so "basely" given him the opportunity to come to this "awful place," while his town awaited his help. But the strong, hopeful, cheerful teacher began his work of regeneration almost at once.

The trials and hardships which the teachers met and are meeting cannot be passed over in silence. Those who were so fortunate as to be placed in Manila or in one of the two or three other larger cities were spared the loneliness and isolation of the provincial towns, but found their salaries painfully small for meeting their needs in the places where city expenses are so great, and with these the most rigid economy became necessary. The provincial teachers in isolated districts found real difficulty in getting proper foods and the supplies necessary for their schools; it was often impossible to get salary checks cashed, or, if they were cashed, to get gold to send home. They suffered from ignorance of the laws of health as they should be practiced in this country; from distance from American physicians; from loneliness, and sometimes from the indifference of the people they were trying to help. This last difficulty, however, was and is usually due to some peculiarity in manners or temperament of the teacher which places him at a disadvantage among the people. A few young men, finding themselves free from all the old home restraints and conventionality, fell victims to divers temptations—

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drink, gambling, and social impurity; and here the weak suffered most.

If ever the ability to say "no" politely but firmly is needed, it is in the Far East, where the vices of the country are as deadly as they are attractive to the white man.

It is a question whether any other people in the world could be influenced and changed more than the Filipinos are being changed. It is doubtful if a teacher is anywhere else in the world the living force for good that he can be here. Men, real men, and real women have unlimited powers, but they must be more than teachers. In fact, teaching is hardly half of it. The successful American teacher for the Philippines must be socially attractive, possessing diplomacy, executive ability, tact, persistence, patience, hopefulness, and, last of all, teaching ability. This last statement should be qualified, however, by the remark that teaching ability now is very important in the two or three large cities, where there are City Superintendents, and it will become more and more important in the provinces, as things become better organized.

Why must a teacher in this distant land be such a paragon? He needs social gifts because the Filipinos are an eminently social people, and if he can enter into their lives (without surrendering the ideals which he has always cherished), make himself a welcome and agreeable figure at their dinners, balls, dramas, etc., the first great step is taken. He must be a diplomat, for he will have to deal with town officials who may be friendly or who may be indifferent or even hostile. They will surely be more or less ignorant of the way to proceed, and as without their aid he can accomplish but little in construction, repair, and furnishing of school buildings, securing attendance worthy of the name, etc., it behooves him to practice carefully that art which enables nations as well as individuals to live and work with each other in harmony. He needs executive ability, as upon him rests the greater part of the task of reorganization. He will probably find himself architect, overseer, president of the school board, principal, and teacher combined. He must have tact, for a prouder, more sensitive people than these never lived. He must not assume that he is of a superior race, and that things not American are hopelessly bad. He must be persistent, because the vice of never doing to-day what can be postponed until to-morrow or next week is born and bred in Filipino bones, and the "Try, try again" method is the one that will be most needed. He must be hopeful, and must have faith in the ultimate good that is to come from his work. The difficulties will be ever present, and if he cannot look beyond them toward the goal to be reached, his task will be a joyless one indeed.

The teacher is continually being brought into contact with the intelligent, influential men of his town, and if he be a man of strength, he can do much to convince them of the honesty of our Government's intentions toward them, and thus be invaluable in assisting the United States to solve the difficult Philippine problem. There is probably no other official who can do more toward creating a friendly sentiment in a town, and a feeling of confidence. It has been no uncommon thing to see cold, indifferent towns changed most marvelously in a few months' time in this way.

The manner in which the population is distributed in the islands complicates the work of the Educational Department very greatly. Instead of finding the people gathered into the towns, with the country districts sparsely settled, we find a condition of affairs more like that in the South in the United States in ante-bellum days. The towns are large and populous, but the entire region outside the towns is a series of haciendas, or plantations, each with its throngs of dependent laborers and their families. The town schools, therefore, reach only a very limited part of the school population, and the plan is being adopted of establishing schools in the barrios, or suburbs, and on the haciendas wherever there are enough children to warrant, and placing their native teachers under the supervision of the nearest American teacher. They attend the teachers' class which the latter holds every school-day

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in the town. Of the five hours that school is held, four hours are given to the children, and one is devoted to the native helpers. They have lessons like ordinary pupils, but in addition are shown the proper ways in which to instruct and control.

This teachers' class is one of the most important features of the work, as the crying need is for native assistants who possess sufficient knowledge of our methods, as well as sufficient command of English, to do efficient work in these outlying districts. It is in these teachers' classes that the old Spanish-trained maestros are worked over and made as useful as possible, and where the bright boys and girls are given additional instruction to fit them for the work of assistants and future teachers. The young people receive much lower salaries, and yet are in reality of much more value, than the older teachers, who, although they try most earnestly, cannot shake off the old customs and become imbued with the energy and enthusiasm that comes so easily to the young. The old ones also find much more difficulty in mastering English.

The public-school teacher has risen so much in popular estimation that many well-born and well-to-do young men and women are entering the ranks, often with the primary object of learning English from the American teacher, but often also from a feeling that by so doing they can help their country on toward a brighter future through the enlightening of their people generally.

The idea that a laborer can know a little of books and still be an efficient workman is just entering the minds of the majority of the hacienderos, and a very limited number have grasped the idea that an educated working class insures the safety of the country more than an army or navy can. Some hacienderos are giving buildings rent free, and are paying the small sums necessary for the salaries of the native teachers, in order that the children of their laborers may be taught, and thus be lifted higher in the scale of civilization than is the present adult generation. A few hacienderos, usually the Spaniards or those strongly imbued with the idea of keeping the laborer as nearly a slave as possible, have refused to aid in this great reformatory project, but, fortunately, they are few.

The American teacher's daily class for the instruction of native teachers and "aspirantes" is not the only place where such training can be received. The secondary schools have large numbers of bright young men and women who look forward to teaching, and the value of the work done in the summer normal institutes cannot be overestimated.

The results accomplished in the secondary schools are a revelation to the Filipinos, and are a surprise even to the hopeful and enthusiastic Americans. These schools are going to furnish more enlightened young Filipinos for the immediate future, while the primary schools are fitting for the more distant future. The wealthy people of the islands, who have always been compelled to send their sons and daughters to Manila for advanced instruction, can now keep them within a comparatively short distance of home, and know that their training is of the best. Some of their cherished old-time ideas and customs have received severe shocks, but they usually bear them well. For example, the Spaniards and Spanish mestizos shudder at the thought of boys and girls being in the same classes in these schools, but the pure Filipinos seem less disturbed. It has also been no little trial to some to have their daughters given calisthenic exercises. It was well enough for the boys to work toward rounding out sunken chests and straightening stooped shoulders, but the girls had always been flabby and inert, and the idea of having them alert and erect had to develop gradually. Also, the "distinguido" children had always been pushed along and given the prizes and promotions without due regard to ability or merit, owing to the power and influence of their parents; but now they are on a strict equality with, and not infrequently see themselves distanced in mental attainments by, children whose families they have always despised.

A secondary school boy can be picked out from a crowd. He carries himself

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well, thanks to careful, continuous physical drill, and he nearly always wears a bright, alert, frank, happy expression on his face. These school-boys, who will so soon be men, are genuine friends to the American cause, and when they come into the places of their fathers, who only too often cannot rid themselves of the spirit of distrust and suspicion that has possessed them for so many years, our task here must be greatly lightened.

The Filipinos are born musicians, orators, and actors, and the school entertainments given are far superior to any that could be given by American boys and girls of the same degree of advancement. Their dramas are presented with vigor and expression, and with seldom a trace of the self-consciousness that so often hampers young America. They are intensely dramatic, and the fine old classics find loving friends here in the Orient. "The Launching of the Ship," "When Freedom from her Mountain Height," etc., are declaimed with the greatest of fire and abandon, and the small boy delivers "The Gobble-uns 'll Git Yer, if You don't Watch Out," in the solemn, warning tone so well known. No one can estimate the value of these poems, and of the songs the children learn, in helping them to acquire English.

Such is the work among the pupils of the secondary schools and the more enlightened of the primary schools. The work among the people in the barrios and the isolated towns is apt to be vastly different. These people are superstitious and fearful to an incomprehensible degree, and while they are accustomed to obey, they do not realize that Americans can have wholly disinterested motives in dealing with them, and they are ever on the alert. The little children, when they enter school for the first time, are like timid fawns, ready to jump and run at the slightest alarm, and usually the first thing the American teacher has to do is to reassure them.

This universal fear or timidity of the lower class was strikingly illustrated during the recent cholera epidemic. The poor, filthy, ill-fed people were dying like sheep, and the Americans and more enlightened natives besought them in vain to spend less time in prayers and religious processions, and more in cleaning their houses and yards and boiling their drinking water, and to refrain from eating raw fruits and vegetables. Hospitals were established, and medicine and pure water were to be had for the asking; but, as in Italy during the Middle Ages, so here, the ignorant sufferers suspected poison, and chose death from the plague in preference to the aid that they feared and distrusted. A few, however, had grown to know and trust the teachers, and their dependence on them was pitiful to see. When they trust, they trust blindly; but their confidence must be won.

This subject should not be passed without reference to the heroism displayed by many of the American teachers in helping to protect the helpless people from the disease which was so deadly to them. Some served on the local boards of health, and worked in a few modern ideas concerning sanitation, inspection, hospitals, disinfection, while others went from home to home where their sick pupils were, administering aid and encouragement. Some personally supervised the hospitals, and nearly all showed the greatest of unselfishness and sympathy. Naturally, much of their effort was apparently fruitless, but the thinking people in the towns saw and marked.

Everywhere the children are learning English, and in riding through wild, remote regions it is no uncommon thing to see an unkempt head suddenly thrust out from a humble hut, while a childish voice sings out in the indescribably accented English of the Filipino, "Good-morning. Where are you going?" The question is not impertinence; it is merely politeness. To a Filipino, it means that he cares enough for you to manifest an interest in your doings. To be sure, he undoubtedly wishes to know where you are going, just as he wishes to know your age, how many children you have, the cost of your clothes, and the amount of your fortune. Curiosity is a ruling passion with him, but "Where are you going?" is a polite form of salutation, nevertheless, and politeness covers a multitude of things.

In music they need to hear an air

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only two or three times before they begin singing and whistling it. The simple old songs that we love so well in our own land are the ones that appeal to these people also, and all over the islands one may hear "Old Kentucky Home," "Old Oaken Bucket," and other songs of this class, as well as rollicking college songs and the National airs. It is most affecting to walk along the streets after dusk and hear the poor in their miserable shacks singing the songs the children have learned at school. Their pronunciation of the words generally leaves much to be desired, but our memories supply the deficiency. They crave all we can give them of music, as they have nothing of their own but a few wild minor airs and the weird church chants. They love the bright, catchy tunes, and the Spanish and American military bands have been a great boon to them. Sousa is whistled everywhere. "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" was long considered our National air, and "After the Ball" and "Just One Girl" have been so completely assimilated that native words in many different dialects have been fitted to them.

The summer normal schools are intensely interesting, and show to a marked degree the growing sentiment in favor of the cause of education. They are in session one month during vacation time every year, and half of the American teachers are required to act as instructors in them in alternate years. In the division directly under the writer's observation the summer school in its first year contained but sixty native teachers and "aspirantes," despite the earnest solicitations that had been made, and nearly all of these were men. The women either could not think of going so far from home without their parents, or the roads were too bad to admit of their traveling long distances. However, even then one noteworthy case presented itself, showing the dormant energy and strength of purpose in these people. A woman from one of the most distant towns, wishing to attend, boarded a proa, or native sailing boat, with only her little brother for company, and started for the school against a strong head wind. Eight days were consumed in making thirty miles, after which the woman landed, and walked several miles to a town whence she was able to secure a ride to the capital where the school was held. She thought nothing of her exertions, and was greatly surprised and touched when the superintendent expressed admiration and gratification for what she had done.

The next year a Government boat was secured. With the Division Superintendent and his wife on board, it made the round of the island, and, touching at ports where the teachers had been instructed to assemble, gathered in the men and women, with their accompanying relatives, servants, baggage, and often live provisions in the form of chickens, goats, etc. Instead of sixty, there were about two hundred and forty teachers and "aspirantes" attending, and the greatest of interest and enthusiasm prevailed.

Many young women were present, showing that they have taken a great step forward in confidence and independence. They attended the classes with the men without any apparent qualms or fears. One must know the way in which the better class of young women have always been treated to realize the full force and significance of this radical change. The summer school meant much to the women, and hardly less to the men. Many of them had seen but little more than their own section of their own island—a very few had been to Manila or possibly to Hongkong—and entering the capital city of their province was like entering a new world, while the school, with its throngs of students, opened before them possibilities of which they had never dreamed before.

The broadening of the mental horizon of these teachers, upon whom depends so largely the destiny of their people, the awakening of their self-respect, ambition, and energy, the filling them with an *esprit de corps* and a desire to do their work well, as with a knowledge of the material and methods of instruction —these are a few more of the duties of the American teachers, and nobly are the greater number of them responding to the demands made upon them. Nearly

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all of them are sympathetic with the natives, and helpful in the extreme.

It is being impressed upon these native teachers continually that the American teachers are here to teach and direct them and fit them to assume charge of the schools themselves; and the faster they develop energy and force of character along with power to instruct and control children rightly, the sooner they will be advanced to positions of responsibility and remuneration. It is far from desirable to keep a large body of high-salaried foreign teachers here for many years, and now is the time of times for the intelligent Filipino to fit himself for a career. Many able persons are coming to the front and are being placed in positions where the American teacher is not at hand to fall back upon, and where they must win their own way. These promotions are being made with great care and discrimination, and the natives are learning that they cannot be bought or begged, but must be won.

Certainly the Filipinos desire knowledge. Many young people fairly besieged the principal of the summer school and the Division Superintendent, begging, some with tears in their eyes, to be given the opportunity to study more. Some wrote lengthy petitions and carried them to the Governor of the province, or to some other person who was supposed to have the power to bring difficult things about. Certainly American boys and girls in their teens do not often clamor for instruction during vacation in any such manner, and even American elders often prefer to put books away for a season. Unfortunately for these zealous Filipinos, the number of American teachers for the school was limited, and as the school was especially for native teachers and "aspirantes," in order to keep the classes from becoming too large and unwieldy, all who could not show a clear title to their claim for admission were excluded.

The work of a Division Superintendent here is several times that of a County Superintendent in the United States, and is vastly more interesting to the man who loves to bring order out of chaos. He must possess exceptional executive ability, and needs legislative and judicial ability hardly less. He needs firmness and amiability, and, above all, a real interest in the people and their development as well as confidence in the ultimate outcome of his labors. He must gain the confidence of the town officials and must also make them feel his strength. No indecisive weakling can succeed. Extreme honesty is necessary. No duplicity need be tried, as Filipinos are past-masters in the art when they find it advisable to use it, and in political maneuvering they can worst the most astute American without really trying.

In fact, every American in a public position in these islands who forgets his duties and responsibilities in his desire for personal gain and advancement, not only hinders the home Government in its great work, but sets it back to a lamentable extent. Every American official performs his labors under the close, eager scrutiny of hundreds of sharp-eyed Filipinos, who are not slow to pass judgment upon his work. Too much cannot be said against the employment and retention in office of men whose personal and official honor is not unimpeachable.

A superintendent visiting schools in the outlying districts is a unique object. He usually goes with guard and guide, and avails himself of whatever means of transportation he finds at hand. The roads, especially in the rainy season, are apt to be in no condition for speedy or comfortable travel, and he may journey on horseback, or in a native quilez drawn by carabao or vaca; he may intrust himself to a native sailing-boat if he be visiting towns on the seashore, or he may traverse mountain trails seated in a chair borne by stalwart natives. Rarely, indeed, can he visit schools in his carriage. Dust and mud are equally well known to him. He wears khaki clothes, leggins and spurs, and has his trusty gun at his hip. On his land trips he is continually finding one more river to cross, which may possibly have a bridge, but which is far more apt to have a bamboo ferry, and most apt of all to have a ford only. Now and then he puts horse, guard, guide, baggage, and all into a narrow, tipsy-looking boat, and with a silent prayer to the God of the

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traveler, ventures out into an ugly-looking stream. Now and then he even emulates brave Lochinvar of old, and swims the river when ferry or ford there is none. He puts banana-leaves in the crown of his hat, and dons poncho and rubber leggins when the rains descend. His visits, however, almost invariably cheer and encourage him. Seldom does he enter a town without finding a spirit of increased friendliness and confidence pervading. He always finds the wonderful Filipino hospitality awaiting him, and is everywhere treated with the greatest of courtesy and respect.

He finds much awaiting his attention at every place he visits, as mails are so slow, and telegraphic communication so nearly *nil*, that many matters lie from week to week awaiting his coming. His work in the field is to cheer and strengthen perplexed American instructors, praise or warn Filipino teachers, persuade or compel recalcitrant town officials to do what is wanted, and to supply generally the additional power and oil needed to keep the school machinery going.

It is not within the province of this paper to discuss the many and varied problems which are demanding solution, nor to question any ways or means which the Educational Department is using. The general American public is unaware of the magnitude and importance of the work the teachers are doing here, and the object has been to inspire a still more intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of their efforts than exists now.

If our hopes and expectations are realized, the American teacher will ever be acknowledged by the Filipinos as one of the greatest forces that wrought for their regeneration.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

Concerning Sunday-School Lessons

By the Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D.

THE International Lesson System is undervalued by some excellent people and a few eminent scholars, whose adverse criticisms often betray a lack of knowledge as to the theory on which the system is based and the co-operative work which it assumes as essential. Take a single criticism, that of the lack of chronological order, which makes it sometimes necessary for a pupil to begin his course of Sunday-school study with Abraham instead of Adam, or with Saul of Tarsus instead of the Shepherds at Bethlehem.

Now, the present popular Lesson System at its very beginning assumed that home is the first and chief place for religious instruction, and that nursery teaching lays the foundation of all Bible teaching by its numberless repetitions of the interesting Bible stories, beginning with the creation of the universe and man, Adam and Eve in Eden, Cain and Abel, going on with Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Judges, Kings, Prophets, Christ and the Apostles—the chronological order and outline being laid and fixed in the child's mind long, long before the child goes to Sunday-school. The school never holds itself responsible for parental neglect. It should never thus be held responsible; it must assume that home is doing its part or should do its part—this first and most important part in the work of religious education. This at once and completely refutes the argument against the uniform lesson system, that a child beginning in the school when the current lesson happens to be in the Exodus, or in the times of David or Elijah, must be confused by his chronological misadjustment. The child knows, or should know, where the lesson of the day belongs in the chronological order of Bible events. If he does not, the Sunday-school is not in the faintest degree responsible for his ignorance. That matter was fixed for him long ago—two or four years—in his nursery panorama of Bible incidents, and the chronological order when a topic or character is announced instantaneously adjusts

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itself and puts the pupil in the days of the Exodus, or of David, of Elijah, of Jesus, of Paul, or of John.

The Sunday-school is not, never was, never should be, never can be, a substitute for the home training of children. To frame a Sunday-school lesson system on the theory that the Sunday-school is a substitute for home would be disastrous to both institutions. In the review of Bible themes (and a "review" is just what Sunday-school must be) and in the more careful and critical study of them in the Sunday-school class, the pupil has the advantage of another and a new putting of what he already knows or about which he already knows something. This feature of recognition, if I may call it that, is of great value. And this feature is increased in effectiveness when the same topic is studied through any given week by all the members of the family, is the theme at family prayer and of casual conversation. There is no subject that does not have something in it for every grade and age—a word-picture, a character, an event, an ethical lesson, a proverb, a promise, a ray of light on God's character or on man's duty.

There is no force in the argument that families do not usually have family prayer and that they do not teach religion to little people. Who knows enough to assert that? We know families that do discharge these duties; and all families ought to do so. And to frame a system of Bible lessons on the theory that the legitimate and divinely authorized agencies will not fulfill their functions is a fatal blunder and guarantees failure from the first.

The International Lesson System has always assumed and has always insisted that home is the first and best school. It is most emphatic on this point. It provides collateral readings for the family altar. Its magazines furnish notes and illustrations to be used by parents at home. It is a pedagogic guide and incentive to fathers and mothers, and encourages older children, in the preparation of their own lesson for the week, to aid the little ones who have the same character or topic for their study in the infant class. It increases the pastor's opportunity. It gives especial value to the teachers' meeting. It suggests a common topic for the prayer-meeting, thus stimulating the devout members of the church to pray and to think in the line of the current topic to which the attention of a large part of the Protestant world is called for that week. And all this is only a part of its benefits.

The Union and the Wage-Earner

By A. J. Arkin

IN these days of strikes and rumors of strikes, when employers, having lost all patience, are banding themselves, with grim determination on their faces, to rid themselves of the union, and workingmen, on the other hand, struggling painfully but with firm resolve to maintain it, with much disturbance and more or less suffering to all, one is led by a sense of fairness to the question: What are the benefits, in the battle of life and pursuit of happiness, derived from the labor union that justify such a bitter struggle in its defense on the part of wage-earners?

It has been customary to discuss such a question in terms of "capital" and "labor." But behind these lifeless or soulless terms, assumed by some to be commodities, is a live man or woman, with growing wants, with feelings, with a soul, with aspirations, with a religious instinct, with a sense of right and wrong, and opinion subject to infinite variety according to temperament and environment. It is the man and the woman working for wages who possess all these qualities, and feel the value of the union not only as wage-earners but also as members of society and citizens of a democracy. "Men and women," says the "Trades-Union News," of Philadelphia, "who join unions conceiving trades-unionism to mean an object to be labored for, to be propagated, a vast project to be worked out, an enterprise as large

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and as complicated as humanity, a cause to devote a life's energy and talent to, and to feel sufficiently rewarded with the satisfaction of knowing that they are helping to build an institution of power for noble purposes, know what trades-unionism means."

To union the wage-earner, in the past, turned instinctively as the only effective means of protection against the encroachment of the more powerful, as many had done before him. He found it not only to be a refuge against oppression, but the only means of redressing grievances in which neither the Church nor the State was inclined to take part. It was natural, then, for him to form a union. As Bishop Alexander Mackay-Smith, of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, said at the last Convention of the Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor, known as the C. A. I. L., held in Philadelphia last May: "If I were a laboring man, I would be a union man. It would be natural, it would be to my interests, to be a union man."

It is the union that has many times prevented reduction in wages, and many times has helped to raise them in spite of the iron law of supply and demand, and thus helped also to keep up a respectable standard of living. And whenever, in whatever trade, there is thorough organization, there also are good wages and general good feelings. With a higher standard of living a higher grade of intelligence and finer tastes are developed.

The halls of the union are schoolrooms for free and independent citizenship. At the meetings, where business is transacted under parliamentary rules and under the gavel of a presiding officer, respect for rule and order is taught most effectively. A long experience in a union cannot but leave a lasting impression of orderliness on the person belonging to it. The monthly, semi-monthly, and weekly union journals, so ably edited, have done and are doing very much to educate working people, not only in their particular trades, but also in other spheres of life.

"Trades-unionism," says one of its ardent advocates, represents, in contrast to the trust, "man, the many, earnings, homes, democracy, brotherhood, fair play, the American people."

Unfortunately, a labor union is an abnormal state brought into existence by abnormal conditions. Like the city police, or a standing army, it is a necessary evil. And as it is composed usually of large bodies of men lacking experience, knowledge, breadth of mind, and foresight, yet possessing the weaknesses common in human nature, the union suffers much from its own imperfections. Its most grievous fault is the want of religion in its ranks. This is its strongest weakness. While the union is founded on justice, right, and brotherhood, it is animated by self-interest, and almost always by unenlightened self-interest. The ideal is much higher than they who claim it. No one feels this more than the honest, earnest labor leader. Selfishness is the guiding spirit of most workingmen, as it is of most other men; and this is the bane of the union, as it is also the bane of civilization. Yet the union has done much to prevent the degradation of the wage-worker; so that his voice may be heard to-day in legislative halls, in courts of law, in the modern forum—the newspaper—in civic clubs, in universities and churches. There is a labor problem stirring the minds and hearts of well-disposed and well-meaning people, and there is the gradual awakening of a sense of brotherhood because of this problem. God's voice is heard, "Where is Abel thy brother?" And man is loth to give Cain's reply. Now and then, it is true, some one is heard stammering something about his right to run his own business as he pleases, about the law of supply and demand, about the freedom of might, and about larger and smaller profits; but the persistent question, Where is Abel thy *brother?* continues loud and clear, yet louder and clearer, as long as the union is alive, but only so when the union regards Him who first asked this question; for He is the same who is asking it now, the source of justice and love. The union is thus of inestimable value, not to the wage-earner alone, but also to society at large, provided only when the union is godly; Christ being its supreme leader, and the members his faithful followers.

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Scottish History[1]

MR. ANDREW LANG'S name has been favorably known in various fields of literature. He is one of the most versatile and prolific of contemporary writers. He now stands before us as the historian of his country. If the rest of his History of Scotland equals the beginning, he will, in our opinion, take first rank among those who have aspired to tell Scotland's story.

We are less familiar with early than with later events in Scotland, and it is in the narration of the early history where Mr. Lang's genius as a story-teller is especially evident. Despite our author's exploration of all accessible documents with true antiquarian patience and thoroughness, sometimes in his description we seem to fancy a hint of that other kind of story-telling, of fancies and not of facts, in which he is pre-eminently popular. This fancy, however, is probably subjective entirely, because the Roman occupation seems more a part of mythology and not of archæology and history. So do those subsequent shadowy periods belonging to the MacAlpine and Conmore dynasties. Feudal Scotland, to the death of Wallace and the wars of Bruce, is, in our ken, fairly historical; while with the early Stuart kings and the Jameses we seem to be on safe ground once more. We have now covered the first fifteen hundred years of Scottish history.

The second volume describes the events of less than a century, yet these events were more epoch-making than all those preceding, for this section of the work depicts the characters of the Reformation and of the reign of James VI.

The first impression of the work to us lies in its description of ecclesiastical conditions. If the affectionate emphasis with which our author narrates the careers of the first Christian teachers in Scotland was a feature of the first volume, an equally striking feature of the second is his more satisfactory treatment of the atrocities exercised on Protestant Reformation martyrs, and the hardships of the Roman Catholics after the Reformation, than will be found in the accounts of other historians. The later struggle in Scotland after this epoch was, as Mr. Lang shows, not so much political as ecclesiastical. It was between the preachers and the kings. The preachers might be much better men, morally, than the kings, and freer from personal self-seeking than any statesmen of their time; but their absurd if honestly fanatical claim to infallibility, their appeal to inspiration, meant that kings-by-divine-right had long to fight for freedom from interference by irresponsible pulpit orators. Warfare was waged by the kings in unseemly ways—dragoonings, imprisonment, exile; but 1688 decided that the Protestant presbyter was not to have more power than the Roman priest had wielded.

In the treatment of ecclesiastical conditions any historian exposes himself to fiercer criticism than that which is visited upon the head of one who describes political events only.

Clever as he is, Mr. Lang will hardly escape the charge of partiality, even though he makes short work of the careless Froude, the extremist Carlyle, and shows that the unbiased Tytler himself was comparatively empty-handed in being without much of the Spanish evidence concerning the relations between Mary and Elizabeth. Mr. Lang's narration of the clergymen's uprising in Mary's reign, for instance, will not satisfy all Presbyterians. Nor will his sarcastic appreciation of John Knox's career please them, even if they with all other readers unite to praise the historian's unwearied industry in examining the original materials and sources of ecclesiastical history, now so much increased in quantity and quality. However, whatever may be said as to Mr. Lang's treatment of certain periods and persons, in general it is scrupulous, ingenious, ex-

[1] *A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation.* By Andrew Lang. Vols. I. and II. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

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haustive, fair. Take, for instance, this estimate of Mary Queen of Scots:

> Never had woman better cause to weep than Mary Stuart as she set forth on that path where her sorrows were to be. A girl of nineteen, she left the fair land of France, her kindly nurse, and the gentlemen of her blood who had loved and cherished her youth. She passed to a bleak shore, where scarce three men were to be true to her; where her faith was daily and brutally insulted; where her advisers were the hirelings of her rival; where her every step would be commented on by the eloquent . . . Knox. . . . Her weapons were but a fair face and a subtle tongue and an indomitable courage. No conduct could have saved Mary from some "strange tragedy," but the passions which slept within her were to add dishonor to her predestined fall.

Socially and politically the condition of the Scottish people, at least up to the time of union with England, could hardly be called happy, compared to the condition of those across the border. It was certainly ruder. Feuds, family and tribal, raged throughout Scotland. Even so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century there were forty-two well-established feuds, called "running feuds," not counting the vast number of other internal strifes. Hereditary lawlessness seemed to exist in all Scottish blood. We are not surprised that a historian of Mr. Lang's training and predilections introduces as much as possible the element of personal character and adventure in describing the picturesque episodes of the internecine strife, which after all depicted ruthlessly the humors, caprices, passions, and ambitions of the early Scotch. No matter how romantic the rise of the fierce Scottish nobles during the fifteen centuries comprised in Mr. Lang's first volume, his description of their decline and fall during the reigns of Mary and of James VI. is impressive, particularly when he touches upon the disputes among the lords fomented by the agents of Elizabeth. (That monarch's treatment of Mary was, in Mr. Lang's opinion, only selfish and cruel.) Yet the very disorders and civil wars attending the decline of the nobles became the people's opportunity, even if, after the union with England was proclaimed, the people had to endure nearly a century and a half of suffering before settled times came. The union finally brought what Scotland alone had not been able to evolve, better social conditions, which, in their turn, evoked the higher qualities of the Scottish race.

Mr. Lang's history is erudite, fairly impartial, constructed with the artist's sense of perspective and with the historian's sense of proportion. It could not be an impersonal history of the Freeman and Gardiner school. One expects to find it a romantic history, and it is such, written in the author's well-known style, clear, acute, vivacious, vigorous, persuasive. And the reader will be glad that Mr. Lang's book is a romantic history. For if any people have had a romantic past, that people is the Scotch.

Studies of the Battleground[1]

"AS a matter of fact, there is but one book on Manchuria, and it is Mr. Consul-General Hosie's excellent work." Thus B. L. Putnam Weale in the preface to his "Manchu and Muscovite," itself a book on Manchuria, and of no small merit. In fact, the two works, treating the subject from essentially different points of view, cover it thoroughly, Mr. Hosie's book from the material side, Mr. Weale's from the human. The reader who desires to obtain a broad working knowledge of the region to which all eyes are now turned would do well to study both books, beginning with Mr. Hosie's monograph, which, in addition to a minute account of the climate, topography, resources, and commerce, contains a detailed narrative, including the texts of epoch-marking treaties and agreements, of the history of the country from the Chino-Japanese War to the year 1900. Mr. Weale, on the other hand, prefacing his study by a highly interesting account

[1] *Manchu and Muscovite.* By B. L. Putnam Weale. Being Letters from Manchuria, written during the Autumn of 1903. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Manchuria: Its People, Resources, and Recent History. By Alexander Hosie. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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of the history of ancient Manchuria and of the successive clashes of Manchu and Muscovite since the middle of the seventeenth century, continues the historical narrative from the point where Mr. Hosie abandons it, carrying it to the autumn of 1903, and, by including in his survey important questions intimately connected with the then rapidly approaching war—so far as concerns Manchuria—providing the student with a handbook to the situation almost immediately preceding the declaration of hostilities. Not only this, but the reader of war news, at a loss to fathom the Russian and Japanese plans of campaign, or to understand, for instance, why the Liaoyang district should have become a decisive battleground, will here derive much enlightenment. Mr. Weale has donned to advantage the cloak of the military strategist and the robe of the prophet, and may well felicitate himself on the manner in which many of his predictions have already been fulfilled. For this very reason his readers will be the more inclined to accept the arguments he advances in support of his main thesis—"the complete failure Russia has made in Manchuria." Admitting bias in his breezy, sarcastic strictures upon the Russian in the Far East, certain it is that the picture he draws of corruption, licentiousness, and a "life apart," goes far to explain the history of Russia in Manchuria since the beginning of the present year.

To obtain a definite, clear-cut view of Manchuria itself, however, we must turn to Mr. Hosie, whose book is, as he expresses it, intended "to lay before the reader a picture of Manchuria of to-day—of its people, administration, products, industries, and trade, to call attention to its capabilities and resources, and to show how these capabilities may be utilized and developed." The work is somewhat curiously divided, almost half the space being given over to accounts of different journeys through the country, by caravan, rail, and steamship, and—in an officially discreet tone—to details of salient events subsequent to the Chino-Japanese War. With the information herein contained we need not concern ourselves, other than to remark that Mr. Hosie, as a traveler, proves himself an excellent but somewhat pedantic observer. It is proper to add that those who desire entertainment need not expect to find it in any portion of this work, which is serious in the full meaning of the term. This said, we turn at once to the point where Mr. Hosie begins what may be considered his actual study of Manchuria.

Comprising an area of 360,000 square miles, divided for administrative purposes into three provinces—Heilungchiang, the northern, Kirin, the central, and Fengt'ien, the southern—the country boasts a population estimated by Mr. Hosie to number 17,000,000 souls, not more than ten per cent. being Manchus and the remaining ninety per cent. or so "descendants of Chinese who had already settled in southern Manchuria during the Ming dynasty, and of immigrants from the northern provinces of China, who are annually on the increase." Mr. Weale places the population at 20,000,000, claiming that while Mr. Hosie's estimate may have been correct for 1900, it is far too low for to-day. Comparing the Manchus with the Chinese, Mr. Hosie fails to find any apparent ethnological differences, but adds:

> Intellectually, however, the Manchu is no match for the Chinese. The former lacks the intelligence and capacity which are characteristic of the latter, and the recent replacing in many of the higher offices of the Empire of Chinese by Manchus cannot fail to be detrimental to the best interests of the country. As merchant or farmer, too, the Manchu lacks the business qualities and industry of the Chinese. This intellectual inferiority is due, in the main, to the grant by the State to the majority of Manchus of mature age of a monthly subsidy which, while keeping them from actual want, precludes that stimulus to earn a livelihood and better their condition which goes to make men and nations.

Whatever the characteristics of the Manchu, there can be no doubt that his is an impressive country, rich in arable land, water supply, timber, and mineral resources. Not more than one-fifth of the tillable soil is under cultivation, yet from this the natives produce enough to yield them a comfortable export trade, which flourishes despite climatic handicaps—Manchuria is virtually ice-bound for from four to six months of the year—

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and primitive methods of transportation. Millet, pulse, wheat, barley, buckwheat, maize, and rice are the principal cereals grown, of which millet and pulse have a commanding lead. The opium poppy, ginseng, and tobacco are among the plants cultivated on a large scale. Of animal products the most important is silk, fur ranking next and being drawn not only from wild but from such domestic animals as the dog and goat. Such is the demand for dog-skins that dog farms are common throughout the region. A curious commodity is tiger-bone, exported to China, where it holds a high place in the native pharmacopœia. Many Manchurians find lucrative employment in the hand-weaving of carpets and rugs. The prominent minerals are coal, gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, granite, and jade, none of which, it appears, have been scientifically exploited. Coal-beds of great extent have been discovered, and although much of the coal worked is of an inferior quality, that from the Fengt'ien hills is said to be excellent. Gold is reported to be widely distributed through the three provinces, the richest deposits being found to the far north, on the right bank of the Amur, the dividing line between Siberia and Manchuria. In connection with mining, as with agriculture, Mr. Hosie studies native methods and processes *in extenso*, thereby affording the reader an opportunity of judging for himself not only the caliber of the Manchus and Chinese, but the possibilities of Manchuria. How great these possibilities are may be further seen from the writer's tabulated statements of exports and imports, the total trade of the country, even in 1900, before railways had begun to make their presence felt, reaching fifteen million pounds sterling.

This, then, is the land into which the Russians have of late years been pouring. Of their incoming Mr. Hosie has little to say, his book having been completed about the time their essay in colonization really began. Mr. Weale's work, on the other hand, largely deals, as we have already indicated, with the effects of the Russian influx, and with an outspokenness to which Mr. Hosie, in view of his official position, could not in any event have well committed himself. Briefly put, Mr. Weale contends that the results of Russia's enormous efforts are *nil*. The operations of the Russian railway system in Manchuria are examined and pronounced absurd; the famous railway towns of which we have heard so much are shown to be in the great majority fictitious; Dalny is painted as the greatest failure of all; the Russo-Chinese Bank, "the weapon forged by Uktomsky to assimilate China," is alleged to be greatly overrated, and destined to collapse. Russia's crowning "folly" is thus described:

> As in the case of all great agricultural countries, such as the United States, the real strength of Manchuria does not lie in the towns and cities, but in the enormous rural districts, containing foodstuffs and cattle sufficient for endless armies, and a population so scattered as to make effective control by aliens an impossibility. The Russian Government has foolishly supposed, or has wished to have it supposed, that by purchasing influence, through the political agency of the Russo-Chinese Bank, in half a dozen towns adjacent to the railway, and by scattering a few thousand men along the railway, they have Manchuria entirely and irrevocably within their grasp. A more patent fallacy it would be impossible to conceive.

Visiting all the important and many of the minor towns, and detailing in lively fashion what he saw by day and by night in each, Mr. Weale asserts that the Russian in Manchuria leads a desperate life in every sense of the word. He has learned, he continues, that he cannot colonize where the Chinese thrive, and loot has become his principal object. "It is bona-fide Government contracts, quasi-Government contracts, semi-Government contracts, and even demi-semi-Government contracts, which practically constitute all Russian trading in interesting Manchuria. As for the real trade of the country, neither the Russian, nor the merchant who has followed him, knows or cares anything about it." And at every turn the Chinaman gets the advantage of his booted brother. "The Defeat of the Traveling Ruble" is the heading of an especially interesting chapter, detailing the manner in which Chinese bankers, by judicious rumor-mongering, succeeded tn thwarting Russian efforts to force the ruble-note upon

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Manchuria. In this the Chinese were signally aided by the "wily Jap," who "quite unauthorizedly took upon himself to make up for the tightness in the northern markets by opening private ruble factories in Osaka, and flooding the place with truly excellent likenesses of the great Czar's money. . . . The Chinaman has surely had his revenge in the sweetest way possible for the brutalities of 1900, by killing the ruble and pocketing the change." Mr. Weale asserts that during recent years Russia has spent in Manchuria between five and six hundred million rubles, nearly all of which gigantic sum has found its way into Chinese pockets. Entering exhaustively into the question of "assimilation," he emphatically declines to admit that the Russian has to any extent succeeded in winning over the Chinaman. More, he claims that the Russian, despite his boastfulness, is at heart afraid of the suave Celestial, and still more afraid of the Japanese.

Mr. Weale has much more to say concerning the future than has Mr. Hosie. So soon as the war is at an end, these "four initial changes" are regarded as absolutely necessary. Manchuria must be heavily colonized from the northern provinces of China in order to "interpose between herself and her northern neighbor . . . barriers of men which are renewed and increased in size and strength as each year grows into the next;" administrative reforms of the type now found in Fengt'ien province must be introduced; the inland waters must be opened to the flags of all nations, and the treaty port system extended to include all the great Manchurian marts. With the adoption of these innovations and the quenching of Russian ambitions, Mr. Weale predicts a wonderful future for the country as "the greatest wheat-producer in the East, the greatest lumber field, and the greatest gold-mining center." Mr. Hosie, more cautious and conservative, does not go so far as this, but it is evident that he too has high hopes of Manchuria.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Advancement of Learning (The). Vol. I. By Francis Bacon. Edited by Albert S. Cook. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 145 pages. 75c. (Postage, 5c.)

Among the Burmans: A Record of Fifteen Years of Work and Its Fruitage. By Henry Park Cochrane. Illustrated. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 281 pages. $1.25, net.

This is an unusually comprehensive account of one of the most interesting Oriental peoples, and is entertaining as well as instructive, enlivened with anecdote and gleams of humor, while seriously religious in tone and practical in purpose. As a practical argument for efforts to regenerate a torpid but capable people by the spirit of a philanthropic Christianity its impression is effective.

Apology of Ayliffe (The). By Ellen Olney Kirk. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 323 pages. $1.50.

This story opens, disclosing the petted heroine awaking to a new day of pleasure and admiration. The plot is not intricate, nor especially novel, being the misunderstanding possible between an indulged young girl and her self-controlled but indulgent guardian. The author, having written many novels, handles her material with her usual skill.

At Home with the Jardines. By Lilian Bell. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 322 pages. $1.50.

It is a relief to find the Jardines at home much less objectionable than they were abroad. While the effort to be funny is too much of a strain upon both writer and reader, yet there is an entertaining quality in these slight chapters. The old servant, Mary, with her loyal heart and rough tongue, is as real as any of the members of the family or their friends. Every one with experience in New York apartments will respond to the picture drawn of the young Jardines in their flat.

At the Moorings. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 409 pages. $1.50.

Betrayal (The). By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 333 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Oppenheim has few superiors in the art of evolving a sensational plot. This story is certainly original in its subject. Secret English plans of military defense against a feared

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French invasion are sold again and again to the French Government, although every conceivable safeguard is taken, and the contest of wits between the spy and traitor and the hero, who is secretary of the secret commission having the matter in hand, furnishes an exciting mystery. The solving of this mystery at the end of the book is somewhat tame, because it does not convince the reader's sense of probability and reason.

Boys of St. Timothy's. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 284 pages. $1.25, net.

Stories of school-boy athletics something more than wholesome and interesting—though that is almost praise enough.

By Conduct and Courage: A Story of Nelson's Days. By G. A. Henty. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 381 pages. $1.20, net.

Although there never was on sea or land a boy in the least resembling William Gilmore, hero of the last of the celebrated Henty books, the youthful reader of these romances seeking thrilling adventures rather than discriminating character studies will find lavish entertainment as he follows this young gentleman's career from unknown orphan and ship's boy at the outset to captain in the Royal British Navy and grandson and heir to the title and estates of Sir Ralph Gilmore in the last chapters of the book.

Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer (The). By Percy Mackaye. Illustrated in Color. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 7×9½ in. 235 pages. $2.50, net. (Postage, 18c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Cats by the Way. By Sarah E. Trueblood. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 114 pages. $1.25, net.

A very pleasantly written and delightfully illustrated book of sketches of cat character and life written with comprehensive sympathy for all cats, the text enlivened by charming studies of cats individually and in groups.

Children's Gardens for School and Home. By Louise Klein Miller. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 235 pages.

This little book on co operative gardening will prove a revelation and delight to many who have not followed the new educational movement. But the school gardens of Europe and America are not the author's only texts. She preaches gardening for everybody, and every one interested in the subject should certainly read her practical little manual.

Combinations, Trusts, and Monopolies. By Edward J. Nolan, LL.B. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 353 pages. $1.50, net.

A radical contribution to the literature dealing with the questions involved in the trust problem. Mr. Nolan shows a clear apprehension of the evils arising out of this problem and of their ultimate origin, but it cannot be said that he proffers a satisfactory solution. Proceeding on the assumption that the large corporation is a modern industrial phenomenon that should be controlled, not legislated out of existence, he advocates remedies which would tend to bring about the latter rather than the former result. Briefly, he would abolish "all special protection, favors, or privileges which are now afforded by the government to trusts or combinations or to the industries in which they are engaged," would place the affairs and accounts of all corporations under State supervision and inspection (he insists that the power to curb the trusts lies not in Congress but in the several States), and would fix by law "a maximum rate of profit which corporations shall be allowed to earn in business." Incidentally he enters into an extended argument in favor of governmental and municipal ownership and control of public utilities and the right of the government "to seize, to operate, and to control coal lands, mineral lands, timber lands, agricultural lands, railroads, or other properties which may be necessary to supply the necessities of the public wherever and whenever the welfare of the people may require it." Apart from the question of "remedies," the work is of distinct usefulness as embodying a compact presentation of both the legal and economic problems born of trust evolution.

Compromises. By Agnes Repplier, Litt.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 277 pages. $1.10.

Reserved for later notice.

Classic Myths in Art: An Account of Greek Myths as Illustrated by Great Artists. By Julia de Wolf Addison. Illustrated. 5×8 in. 285 pages. $2, net.

An account of the many pictures by great artists depicting the gods and heroes of the Greek myths. The volume is descriptive rather than critical. There are many excellent reproductions of famous paintings.

Confessions of Marguerite. By Opie Read. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 264 pages. $1.25.

This was originally published anonymously and now appears under the name of a well-known Western newspaper man and novelist whose work is not as well known as it deserves to be. Mr. Read is apt to be discursive and formless as a fiction-writer, and his powers of construction and proportion are deficient; but he has humor, his people are real, and he has something to say. This is not his best novel, but there is in it that which sets one thinking.

Deacon Lysander. By Sarah Pratt McLean Greene. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 222 pages. $1.25.

With a desire to escape for a while from their humdrum existence, Deacon Lysander and his wife journey to Washington to "see gayety and happiness." They board with some impecunious ladies who try to keep a fashionable school for girls, and their simple minds are puzzled by the makeshifts they discover. They meet with several types of character, shedding upon each some of their own cheerful helpfulness. While there are several quite improbable scenes, the story will find a welcome among readers who love to be touched by a harmless sentimentality.

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De Monarchia of Dante Alighieri (The). Edited, with Translation, by Aurelia Henry. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 216 pages. $1.25, net.

Dante's treatise on the Divine Right of Monarchy is indispensable to one who would understand Dante and his time. Here the great Florentine appears as the prophet of ideals beginning to be realized in the modern age, and unfolds the political portion of the threefold message to his time with which his spirit travailed. Miss Henry has made a much-desired contribution to the study of Dante. Her work is the only English translation accessible to students, and evinces competent scholarship both in the text and the notes.

Despoilers (The). By Edmund Mitchell. Cassell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 327 pages. $1.25.

A long and exciting search for the lost will of a Brazilian millionaire is conducted by a crafty lawyer and a brave soldier in behalf of a lovely girl and her mother, the English widow of the South American. Villainy and virtue are contrasted in true romantic style, and virtue is triumphant in the end.

Divided: The Story of a Poem. By Clara E. Laughlin. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 92 pages. 75c., net.

A romantic child grows up with a love for Jean Ingelow's poem, and the events in her life combine to interpret its meaning to her. The happy ending makes up for the shadow of pathos cast across the young girl's love.

Dog's Tale (A). By Mark Twain. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8 in. 36 pages. $1.

This pathetic little story by a humorist is interesting, not only as a piece of writing, but because it brings out in striking contrast the two sides of Mark Twain's mind. It is very simply and tastefully reprinted in this volume, with a few well-executed illustrations.

Ear Training for Teacher and Pupil. By C. A. Alchin. Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 136 pages. $1, net.

Entering Wedge (The): A Romance of the Heroic Days of Kansas. By William Kennedy Marshall. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×8 in. 274 pages.

Ethical World-Conception of the Norse People (The). By Andrew Peter Fors, Ph.D. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5½×9½ in. 57 pages. 50c.

Evelyn: A Story of the West and the Far East. By Mrs. Ansel Oppenheim (John Emersie). Illustrated. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 385 pages.

Every Day Essays. By Marion Foster Washburne. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 156 pages. $1.

Recapitulation of the titles of some of these little essays, "Mother and Child," "Home," "Pictures of Peace," "Coming Down in the World," "Types of Childhood," "The Spirit of Christmas," etc., gives no hint of the play of gentle humor that easily saves the author from the charge of sentimentalism. After he has reached "Aunt Catherine's Busy Day" the judicious reader will be especially ready to grant an acquittal.

Farmington. By Clarence S. Darrow. A.C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 277 pages. $1.50.

There is much that is beautiful and well told in this idyl of boyhood, but the reader lays it down with a query in his mind. Shunning all false sentiment, the author has gone to the opposite extreme and drawn a picture of boyhood in which there is no sign of love. In so far it cannot be true to life; for certainly no child ever passed years in an intelligent, well-brought-up family absolutely devoid of any evidence of love. In other respects, "Farmington" is full of a peculiar charm. The loveless life of the boy, however, seems to have shadowed the whole life of the man.

First Lessons in Food and Diet. By Ellen H. Richards. Whitcomb & Barrows, Boston. 5×7 in. 52 pages.

This is a commendable, compact, and clearly written book of instruction prepared by the foremost American expert in this field of household economics.

Finest Baby in the World (The). By The-adorer. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 63 pages. 50c., net.

In this bit of a book the anonymous author has whimsically addressed to himself a series of letters about his little daughter. Their intimate and direct appeal to the heart of parenthood will be felt also by any reader who has ever known and loved a little child in this or the world of dreams.

Flower of Youth (The). By Roy Rolfe Gilson. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 264 pages. $1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Food of the Gods (The). By H. G. Wells. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 329 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Wells's ingenuity and love of the grotesque are again evident in this singular tale. The "food of the gods" (otherwise "Boom-stuff") is a chemical composition which when administered to animals or children results in producing gigantic creatures. The strange physical and moral position in which is placed a child of ordinary intelligence and ordinary childish aptitude when he becomes many times the size of his father is presented in a curious manner; and as the gigantic creatures increase in number the danger to the social structure and to ordinary people is brought out in a way to remind the reader of Mr. Wells's "The War of the Worlds."

Four Georges (The). By William Make-peace Thackeray. (The Red Letter Library.) H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 4×6 in. 192 pages. $1.

From Epicurus to Christ: A Study in the Principles of Personality. By William De Witt Hyde. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 285 pages. $1.50.

Four schools of thought in classic Greece emphasized each a feature of personality. Christianity takes up into itself all that was sound in each, and incorporates it, cleared of excess or perversion, into the complete con-

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ception. This in brief is what Dr. Hyde tells us. But let no one imagine that a book thus concisely described is for students of grizzled antiquity. On the contrary, it is intensely, incisively modern. It is the modern representatives of Epicurus, Plato, Marcus Aurelius, with whom it is concerned, and their missing of the ideal of personality that it describes and satirizes; the modern evils resulting in individual, domestic, social, political life that it exposes and condemns. Consequently it is alive with present-day interests. In its exposition of the Christian conception of personality it holds that the omission of any truth for which the ancient systems stood mutilates and impoverishes the Christian view of life. But in contrasting Christianity with those less perfect systems, as taking its rise "outside us and above us," Dr. Hyde seems momentarily forgetful of his own philosophy, which views the primal source of all truth as One.

Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales (A). By Jonathan Nield. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×8 in. 235 pages.

A new edition of a valuable reference-book. The author disowns the credit of having read 12,000 historical novels, as attributed to him by some over-zealous reviewer, but he has evidently made a careful study of the subject and has scientifically collated and arranged an immense amount of information. The book is now extensively revised with a three-column tabular arrangement (title, author and publisher, and subject) gives American as well as English publishers, has a list of "Fifty Representative Historical Novels," and gives fuller information about periods and localities.

Guns, Ammunition, and Tackle. By Captain A. W. Money, Horace Kephart, W. E. Carlin, A. L. A. Himmelwright, and John Harrington Keene. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 440 pages. $2, net.

Practical information for sportsmen, written by experts, on the shot-gun, rifle, revolver, and pistol, and the paraphernalia of fly-fishing. The beginner will find the book particularly useful as a preparation for the actual practice in the field which no instruction can replace.

Gwen: An Idyll of the Canyon. By Ralph Connor. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 94 pages. 75c., net.

A tastefully decorated and illustrated holiday edition of what we believe to be one of the finest episodes of the "Sky Pilot."

His Majesty's Sloop Diamond Rock. By H. S. Huntington. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 431 pages. $1.50.

Historic Highways of America. Vol. XIII. **The Great American Canals.** By Archer Butler Hulbert. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 5×7½ in. 231 pages.

It was certainly desirable that the history of our largest canals should be included in any treatment of the "Historic Highways of America." This volume tells of the planning and construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio and Pennsylvania Canals, both of which furnished the routes now followed by great railway systems. The volume is hardly as picturesque or attractive as a story of a fight against nature by men as are some of the former volumes, but it tells clearly and fully the narrative of an important chapter in American commercial development.

Honesty with the Bible. By Prescott White. The Acme Publishing Co., Morgantown, W. Va. 4½×7¼ in. 245 pages. $1.

House of Fulfilment. By George Madden Martin. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 379 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

How to Cook for the Sick and Convalescent: Arranged for the Physician, Trained Nurse, and Home Use. (Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) By Helena V. Sachse. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 297 pages.

How We are Clothed: A Geographical Reader. By James Franklin Chamberlain. (Home and World Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 235 pages. 40c.

An excellent little book for use in the home or school-room, communicating in its several chapters, under the guise of stories, letters, and simple little talks, a variety of information concerning the commodities and activities involved in furnishing the clothing of modern civilization, and the geographical sources of this supply.

Incense of Sandalwood. By Willimina L. Armstrong. Baumgardt Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Cal. 4¼×10 in. 149 pages. $2.25, net. (Postage, 15c.)

Reserved for later notice.

In Dixie: A Plantation Alphabet. By Louise Quarles Bonte and George Willard Bonte. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 9×11 in. $1.25.

Intellectual Life (The). By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 466 pages.

A most acceptably illustrated edition of a book which is in its way a classic. A fine portrait of Hamerton serves as frontispiece and is noticeably superior to the other pictures in its printing. In fact, apart from the portrait the illustration seems a little forced and does not add greatly to the value of the edition, which in other respects is excellent. It is a little absurd, for instance, to insert a portrait of Napoleon because the author casually and incidentally remarks that Napoleon had rapidity of conception and action.

Jiu-Jitsu Combat Tricks. By H. Irving Hancock. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 151 pages. $1.35.

In other volumes the author has described at length this Japanese system of physical culture and self-defense and given practical instructions for its practice by men, women, and children. In this book he describes many tricks of attack and defense, a knowledge of which, he declares, will make the skill of a comparatively weak man of more avail than the strength of a powerful but unversed antagonist.

Journalism and Literature and Other Essays. By H. W. Boynton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 226 pages. $1.25, net.

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Letters of Charles Lamb (The): Newly Arranged, with Additions. Edited by Alfred Ainger. In 2 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. $3.

A new issue in the admirable Eversley Series, including all the letters contained in the edition of 1900, and about twenty addressed to Mr. John Rickman, now printed for the first time.

Life and Adventures of Jack Philip, Rear-Admiral U. S. N. By Edgar Stanton Maclay, A.M. Assisted by Barrett Philip. (Second Edition, Rewritten and Revised.) The American Tract Society, New York. 5¼×8 in. 288 pages. $1.50.

Light Brigade in Spain (The). By Herbert Strang. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 414 pages. $1.50.

Little Precious. By Gertrude Smith. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 6½×8¼ in. 147 pages. $1.30, net.

Longer French Poems: Selected and Prepared for Class Use, with an Introductory Treatise on French Versification. By T. Atkinson Jenkins, Ph.D. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 175 pages.

Loom of Providence (The). By Robert Mackenzie, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 253 pages. $1, net.

Dr. Mackenzie's sermons are characterized by clearness, simplicity, and vigor. They aim at "the cultivation of faith and hope under the discipline of God" in such a way as "to enlist the attention and memory of active business men." Many of them could hardly fail of succeeding in this. They are morally quickening, but they seem too limited to the individual; social demands upon the individual are not taken adequately into view—a common defect in much of excellent preaching.

Loves of Miss Anne (The). By S. R. Crockett. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4¾×7¾ in. 421 pages. $1.50.

The story of the girlish pranks and more mature flirtations of a lively and mischievous Scottish lassie. This story is more in the vein of Mr. Crockett's "Lilac Sunbonnet" than anything he has lately written, and shows a good sense of fun and character. Anne herself; her maid, companion, and confederate, Clementina; the latter's father, a fine specimen of the brawny and large-minded Scottish peasant; Dan, the sheep-herd who aspires high in love, and wears out his rivals by faithful endurance—these and other characters are well drawn.

Manassas: A Novel of the War. By Upton Sinclair. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 412 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Mr. Wind and Madame Rain. By Paul de Musset. Translated by Emily Makepeace. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¾×8½ in. 150 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Matthew Arnold and His Relation to the Thought of Our Time. By William H. Dawson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 450 pages.

Reserved for later notice,

Midshipman in the Pacific (A). By Cyrus Townsend Brady (Boys of the Service.) Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 341 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 14c.)

Here is a boy that is a boy, even when he is the hero of a stirring tale of adventure. Mr. Brady has surpassed himself in writing this story of Midshipman Martin Miller, U. S. N. We do not remember anywhere a better book of its kind.

Minnows and Tritons. By B. A. Clarke. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4½×7¾ in. 328 pages. $1.50.

Every one who wishes a better insight into boy nature, or to have his understanding of it confirmed, should read this book. Seldom have we had put before us so effectively the child's point of view as in its half-score or more of stories which relate with delightful simplicity and humor every-day incidents in the lives of the youthful members of an English family residing in a London suburb.

Mrs. Tubbs's Telegram: A Comedy in One Act. By K. McDowell Rice. Published by the Author, Worthington, Mass. 4½×7½ in. 18 pages. 25c.

A pleasant little comedy designed to supply a real demand—that of a wholesome, amusing play for girls, to be used in school or home theatricals.

Nautical Lays of a Landsman. By Wallace Irwin. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 135 pages. $1, net.

New Samaria and the Summer of St. Martin. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4¼×7½ in. 168 pages. $1.25.

This little book contains two of the best short stories that Dr. Mitchell has ever written—and, indeed, the tales deserve to be placed among the best short stories of recent American literature. They are far apart in tone and literary intention, and the contrast makes the book the more pleasing. The first deals in a decidedly clever way with the adventures of a millionaire who is forced for a short time to become a tramp.

Our Big Game: A Book for Sportsmen and Nature Lovers. By Dwight W. Huntington. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 347 pages. $2, net.

A valuable and exceedingly interesting volume dealing with the eighteen animals that are recognized as big game in this country. The author, who is a veteran hunter, describes their range and habits and the various methods of hunting them, and tells many good stories of hunting experiences. The illustrations, from photographs of the animals in their native haunts, are admirable.

Our Friend the Dog. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 62 pages. $1, net.

A small quarto which presents the text of Mr. Maeterlinck's charming paper on "Our Friend the Dog." A most characteristic piece of work, and one of the subtlest and most interesting interpretations of animal psychology that has been published. The essay, for such it is, though of the most informal kind, is set in large type with broad

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margins decorated in two colors, and has four illustrations.

Our West Indian Neighbors. By Frederick A. Ober. Illustrated. James Pott & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 435 pages. $2.50, net. (Postage, 21c. additional.)

Mr. Ober is an authority on this subject, about which he has written many articles and several books. He combines here pleasantly papers on a score or more topics relating to the islands of the Caribbean. We note as particularly fresh in interest the chapters on "The Cuban as He Was and Is"—the author notes as most impressive as compared with old conditions the air of absolute security that prevails throughout the islands; "Misgoverned Santo Domingo"—the Government offered Mr. Ober to send the bones of Columbus to the St. Louis Exposition for a "loan" of $100,000; "Porto Rico, Spanish and American"—the field for experimental agriculture has wonderful possibilities, Mr. Ober says; other chapters deal with the Danish Islands, Hayti, "the Home of the Voodoo," Jamaica, "America's Oldest City" (Santo Domingo), Martinique, St. Vincent, and other localities around which cling romantic and historic interest. The descriptive vein which the author usually adopts makes the book of genuine value and interest to all who are likely to visit the West Indies.

Paths of Judgment. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. The Century Co., New York. 5×8 in. 346 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Phyllis' Field Friends: Tree Stories. By Lenore Elizabeth Mulets. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 292 pages. $1.

Less attention is paid to the trees than to other outdoor attractions, and this simple book, half manual, half story-book, will help many a child to know the common trees by their names. It is printed in large type, with several tinted illustrations.

Pictures by George Frederick Watts. Introduction and Selections by Julia Ellsworth Ford and Thomas W. Lamont. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 10½×13½ in. $5, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Pilgrim Hymnal (The). The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 6×8½ in. 604 pages.

"The obvious distinction, and we believe the excellence, of this collection of hymns and tunes is its smallness." This is the opening sentence of the Preface by which its editors introduce the "Pilgrim Hymnal" to the public. But smallness alone is not an excellence. If the editors of such a book, which is intended to promote congregational singing in the churches, offer to them a selection instead of a collection, the leader of worship will at once, and legitimately, ask whether the smallness is secured by omitting important and valuable contributions which the past has made to the hymnology of the Church. It appears to us from a cursory examination of this volume that there are such omissions. In its pages devoted to Christ's Passion and Death there are fourteen hymns. Among those which we miss, and which would be missed by any pastor desiring to put emphasis on the passion and death of Christ, are James Montgomery's

"Go to dark Gethsemane,"

John Ellerton's

"Throned upon the awful tree,"

Isaac Watts's

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?"

In the hymns of Penitence we find omissions which appear to us quite as serious. Among the well-known penitential hymns that are lacking are:

"Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,"
"Depth of mercy, can there be,"
"Lamb of God, whose bleeding love,"
"O that my load of sin were gone,"
"I left the God of truth and light,"
"Saviour, when in dust to thee."

Nor do we find in the thirteen hymns grouped under Repentance in the Index of Subjects any hymns expressive of the soul's experience of penitence adequate to take the place of these omissions. We find some new hymns and some new tunes that are real additions to church service, and the book is exceptionally strong in masculine hymns, in which most collections are weak. But some of the new hymns seem to us to have no place in a book designed for devotional use by a congregation. In general, a hymn should be an address to God, or at least a meditative expression of a devotional experience, and in such form as to serve as a devotional expression for a great congregation. It should generally, therefore, be either prayer, praise, penitence, or consecration. Hymns of exhortation may be sung by a choir to a congregation, but are rarely fitting for congregational singing except when they are so far meditative that they may be termed self-exhortative, as in Faber's famous hymn, "Jesus our Love is crucified," or "Onward, Christian Soldiers." A hymn-book devised for church service is not the place for poems adapted for reading in solitude. For this reason sacred lyrics should always be characterized by simplicity. We cannot conceive that any one addressing God in prayer would think of doing so in such an optical illustration as the following in a hymn on the unity of Christ's Church:

"Each sees one color of thy rainbow light,
Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven;
Thou art the fullness of our partial sight;
We are not perfect till we find the seven.
Gather us in! Gather us in!"

Compare this with the well-known

"The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;"

which is not, let us add, lacking from this collection. On the whole, despite some valuable additions both in hymns and tunes to those in general use, especially in hymns of service and of action, we do not think this Congregational Hymnal is an important addition to the service book of the Christian Church. We should like to make it a text for some remarks on the tendency of modern

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hymn and tune books to depart from the simpler and stronger experiences of the older books, and to substitute therefor the pretty, the artificial, or the sentimental; but we have already prolonged this notice beyond reasonable limits.

Pipes of Pan: Number Four. Songs from a Northern Garden. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 121 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Pomes ov the Peepul. By a Syndicate of the Amalgamated Di'lect Forgers' Union. Illustrated by Will B. Johnstone. T. S. Denison, Chicago, Ill. 5×7¼ in. 126 pages. $1.

Prince Henry's Sailor Boy. Adapted from the German of Otto von Bruneck. By Mary J. Safford. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 203 pages. $1.50.

Private Tutor (The). By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 322 pages. $1.50.

The hero really gets more than he deserves in this story, just because he looks pleasant. If the author had more of his spirit, and did not indulge in cheap cynicism, his work would be vastly better. Rome is delightfully real, as a background to a group of interesting individuals.

Queen's Advocate (The). By A. W. Marchmont. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 422 pages. $1.50.

This is just what it was meant to be—namely, an exciting story of personal and political adventure. When in the first chapter we encounter a beautiful girl in the hands of a band of brigands from the Balkans, we know that she will be promptly rescued by a resourceful and muscular American (in this case an Anglo-American); that she will turn out to be a Princess; and that, after overcoming seemingly insuperable obstacles, the two will find matrimony possible. This is not the highest type of fiction; but this particular book is well knit, and the story is told with life and dash. What is most original about it is that the author uses for his fictitious purpose the recent assassination of the King and Queen of Servia. The actual facts are combined with the adventures of the mythical Princess in a dramatic way.

Recreations of an Anthologist. By Brander Matthews. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 228 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Revelation of Herself (The). By Mary Farley Sanborn. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 258 pages. $1.50.

This is another of the books, of which several have been published recently, in which a woman is made to lay bare the inner recesses of her heart. In this case the medium of their revelation is a series of letters to her fiancé. Such revelations are not generally pleasant, but this one is not even interesting.

Romance of Isabel Lady Burton (The): The Story of her Life. Told in Part by Herself and in Part by W. H. Wilkins. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 738 pages. $3.50, net.

A new edition of Lady Burton's story of her life. Disappointing and irritating as it is because of the unsatisfactory glimpse it gives of Captain Burton, nevertheless it has animation and entertainment in so far as it tells of Lady Burton's personal adventures and social acquaintances.

Rhymes and Jingles. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 221 pages. $1.50.

A new edition of the jolly little verses by Mary Mapes Dodge, with a number of additions, and new pictures by Sarah S. Stilwell. There is a swing about many of these simple verses that catches the ear. They are exactly the sort a child learns easily. Some of them are pure childish nonsense, and some of them full of graceful fancies. The pictures suggest the influence of Japanese art, and are more curious than beautiful. Almost every face might be that of a Japanese model.

Rider of the Black Horse (The). By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 387 pages. $1.50.

A story of a brave courier who rode between the armies in the days of our Revolution will be fascinating to the many boys who already know the author as a writer of good historical tales. The incidents in the story are true, grouped to make an effective picture.

River-Land: A Story for Children. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 7×9½ in. 92 pages. $1.50, net.

It is hard to pass by the unusually beautiful figure of "Penelope," to whom Mr. Chambers dedicates his new story, but the colored plates by Elizabeth Shippen Green also demand attention. Geraldine and Peter continue their explorations in the animal world, this time at the brookside, where they talk comfortably with all the creatures they meet. Items of useful information are discreetly tucked into this modern form of fairy tale.

Rome. By Walter Taylor Field. In 2 vols. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4¼×7 in.

The author's purpose is to make "a something not as barren as a guide-book nor as discursive as an essay, but helpful in showing what is most worthy of appreciation in the monuments, the churches, and the galleries of the most interesting city in the world." The two volumes are of pocket size, the type is clear, and there are scores of reproductions of pictures printed in monotone—not always, however, printed quite as well as one could wish.

Science and Immortality: The Ingersoll Lecture, 1904. By William Osler, M.D., F.R.S. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 54 pages. 35c., net.

In a literary point of view this is a charming volume, *simplex munditiis*. In every other point of view it is unsatisfactory, a report of no light. Professor Osler confesses that the scientific man is "in a sad quandary to-day." His confession of faith is that of "Cicero, who had rather be mistaken with Plato than be in the right with those who deny altogether the life after death." He admits that science is merely organized knowledge, but

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limits knowledge to "the things we see." Yet he feels

> "the blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds unrealized,"

and declares it "a most shortsighted view" to think that "Reason is king with science as the prime minister." To the literary charm of the book its blind, groping, helpless hopefulness adds a touch of pathos.

Sea-Wolves of Seven Shores. By Jessie Peabody Frothingham. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 334 pages. $1.20, net.

The writer of these historical sketches has made a special study of sea fighters, and describes them well. From the time of the old Corsair kings to the period when piracy was a fashionable English sport, and down to names familiar to every boy, in Spanish, English, and Chinese seas, the reader follows the fortunes of the fierce men whose doings always savor of romance, and whose daring was almost beyond belief. A capital book for active-minded boys who prefer facts to fiction.

Secret History of To-Day. By Allen Upward. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 310 pages. $1.50.

This book is as audacious as it is ridiculous. The author undertakes through the story of a fictitious diplomatic spy to unravel in a purely imaginative way the secrets of the blowing up of the Maine, the Dreyfus mystery, the Humbert millions, and other affairs of this class. The stories are not very ingenious and they certainly are not amusing.

Soldier of the Valley (The). By Nelson Lloyd. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¾×7¾ in. 335 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Songs of a City. By Howard V. Sutherland. James H. Barry, San Francisco, California. 5×7 in. 98 pages. $1.

Source Book of Roman History (A). By Dana Carleton Munro, A.M. Illustrated. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 258 pages. $1.

Sportsman "Joe." By Edwyn Sandys. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 338 pages. $1.50.

Like the author's former book, "Trapper Jim," this is a boy's story of outdoor life, interwoven with practical instruction in woodcraft, hunting, and camping lore. Either as a story or as a manual of woods life the book is an excellent one.

Starting Points for Speakers, Preachers, Writers and Other Thinkers. Sentences Sifted from Authors of To-Day and Yesterday. By John Horne. Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati. 4½×7½ in. 160 pages.

Studies in the Gospel According to Mark. By Ernest De Witt Burton. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5×7½ in. 248 pages. $1.

This volume is in the line of modernized methods of Sunday-school teaching already marked out by the author in the preceding volumes of "Constructive Studies in the Life of Christ," and Principles and Ideals for the Sunday-School," produced in collaboration with Professor Mathews. It is based on an experimental series of lessons already tested in successive classes, and is intended for pupils of similar advancement in academies or in the home. It aims not only at a religious end through the study of Jesus' life, as given in the simplest of the Gospels, but at intellectual profit in the art of interpretation. It is attractively illustrated, and with its outline of a graded curriculum of study, its questions, notes, and dictionary, forms such a text-book for the Sunday-school as many have wished for, but have not seen till now.

Studies of a Booklover. By Thomas Marc Parrott. Illustrated. James Pott & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 301 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Study of Words (The). By Richard Chenevix Trench. (The Unit Books.) Howard Wilford Bell, New York. 4½×7 in. 312 pages. 56c.

Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop. By Anne Warner. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 227 pages. $1.

The humor of the sketches in which Susan Clegg occupies the stage has been joyously greeted by magazine readers. The density of Susan Clegg's ignorance of interests outside of herself, and the placid acceptance by Mrs. Lathrop of the rôle of listener, give opportunity for many comical situations, fully elaborated by the creator of these two new characters. In book form, loquacity unduly indulged becomes wearisome, and one wishes Miss Clegg's duties might call her into the house sooner than they usually do.

Testimony of Christ to Christianity (The). By Peter Bayne, A.M. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 185 pages. 75c., net.

This was a strong book when first published in 1862, and is a strong book still, though its strength is somewhat impaired, as is only natural, by age. The main argument is upon the moral grandeur of Jesus, and this is as convincing as ever. The argument drawn from the Gospel miracles was better suited to the date when historical criticism was in its infancy among English-speaking people, and it was possible for a scholar to maintain that all the Christian miracles are proven as "historical" facts.

That Sweet Story of Old: A Life of Christ for the Young. By Margaret E. Sangster. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 262 pages. $1.25.

A very simply and reverently written life of Christ for children.

Tom Keenan, Locomotive Engineer. Compiled by Neason Jines. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 280 pages. $1, net.

There is not the slightest pretense of literary skill in this plain and homely narrative of the life of a railway engineer. The book, however, has some sense of humor and is thoroughly genuine. An important phase of the story is that which deals with the founding of the Railway Young Men's Christian Association and its service to railway employees who are in danger of a moral wreck. In criticism it may be said that some

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of the personal story is told with unnecessary detail.

Trip with Mother Goose (A). By Avis Prink Crosby. Illustrated. W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago. 6×8½ in. 54 pages. 35c.

A versified account of a dreamy little girl's nocturnal journey with that famous character to a far-away land, where are encountered, apparently in the flesh, Boy Blue, Little Bopeep, Jack Sprat and his Wife, and any number of other nursery favorites.

Treasury of Illustration (A). By Henry Ward Beecher. Edited and Selected by John R. Howard and Truman J. Ellinwood. Introduction by Newell Dwight Hillis. The F. H. Revell Co., New York. 6⅛×9⅛ in. 675 pages. $3.50, net.

Mr. Beecher had a remarkable combination of qualities: the philosophic mind which made him a rationalist, the prophetic vision which made him a mystic, the practical common sense which gave him an understanding of affairs, and the imagination which enabled him to interpret to others the truths which he had apprehended and the visions which he had seen, as they applied to the daily concerns of life. The illustrations employed by such a man are not mere ornaments, like the pinnacles and statuettes in Milan Cathedral, or the furbelows and flounces on a lady's dress; they are as much a part of his thinking as the blossoms are a part of the orange-tree. A volume edited, as this volume has been, by men thoroughly and affectionately familiar with the man and his works is much more than a collection of beautiful thoughts; it is an interpreter of a great religious teacher. And such an interpretation has many uses. To lay readers it is valuable as giving them great thoughts in fragmentary forms, and to many overworked and weary men and women great thoughts are best presented in fragmentary forms. To the preacher or teacher, lay or professional, who has not an originating imagination, the volume will furnish material for illustrative quotation; and a good illustration borrowed is better than a poor illustration which is, or is thought to be, original. And for both preachers and teachers who find difficulty in putting moral and religious truth in such clear and concrete forms as make them easily apprehensible, some use of such a volume as this will be provocative to concrete and illustrative thinking; and this is perhaps the highest service of all which it will render, for Mr. Beecher was pre-eminently an inspirational thinker. The illustrations are classified under three general titles or "themes:" "National Life," "Social Life," "Religious Life;" and each theme is further subdivided by a variety of sub-titles, such as "Infancy and Youth," "Joy and Happiness," "Spiritual Growth." The Introduction by Dr. Hillis affords not only an appreciative study of Mr. Beecher as a thinker and a teacher, but also a suggestive counsel to all religious teachers. A whole system of homiletics is comprised in this pregnant saying: "The power and permanency of his [the preacher's] work depend upon the scope and accuracy of his *seeing* on the one hand, and the sincerity, sympathy, and felicity of his *saying* on the other." The volume has four characteristic portraits of Mr. Beecher at the ages respectively of forty, forty-three, fifty-seven, and seventy-two.

Well in the Wood (The). By Bert Leston Taylor. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×8 in. 191 pages.

The author of this fanciful tale for children has caught the spirit of Alice in Wonderland, and produced a delightful story, without a hint of lifeless imitation. The little girl playing near a forest finds a new flower, which she gathers and tucks under her hair ribbon. Immediately she understands the speech of her dear companion, the yellow dog, and goes happily away into the wood with him to visit his friends—the laziest beaver, the bold rabbit, and others. The illusion is admirably managed. Of the pictures it can only be said that they are simply charming, and perfectly interpret the story. The humor of the artist peeps out in the ridiculous expression which she gives to the bear, the stork, or the donkey. A fascinating story-book in exceptionally good English.

Western United States (The): A Geographical Reader. By Harold Wellman Fairbanks, Ph.D. Illustrated. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 302 pages.

Westminster Abbey. Painted by John Fulleylove, R.I. Described by Mrs. A. Murray Smith. Illustrated in Color. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 147 pages. $2.

The main interest of this handsome work lies in the excellent reproduction in color of Mr. Fulleylove's pictures. These bring out in subdued grays and browns the true tone-values of the ancient Abbey as no black-and-white work can. There are about twenty of these pictures, and they are about equally divided between exterior and interior views and details. The text is adequate and gives a good idea of the historical and architectural interests of the Abbey.

Where Does the Sky Begin? By Washington Gladden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 335 pages. $1.25, net.

Without introducing it as such, Dr. Gladden has given us here a volume of sermons under the title of the first in the series. The sky begins on the earth; there is nothing between. So in the visible world begins the world invisible; immortality is already here; eternity is here; God is here; man is a citizen of both worlds, and they are continuous and one—

"One God, one law, one element."

The implications and consequences of such a view, as they come out in subsequent discourses upon a wide range of topics, religious and ethical, give unity to the whole, and constitute a volume of rare interest.

Wit and Humor of the American Pulpit: A Collection from Various Sources Classified under Appropriate Subject Headings. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 3½×6 in. 248 pages. 50c., net. (Postage, 5c.)

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The Political Issues

A Free Parliament

Until the election we shall open our columns to a free discussion of the political issues involved in this campaign, reserving, of course, the right to reject any contribution; it will doubtless be quite impossible for us to publish all that will be sent to us. No personal abuse of either candidate will be allowed. Brevity is important, and preference will be given, other qualities being equal, to the shorter letters.—THE EDITORS.

REASONS FOR SUPPORTING JUDGE PARKER

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Less than a year ago, it seemed to me probable that at the coming election I should once more vote the Republican ticket—for Mr. Roosevelt for President. But there are three considerations which, within the last few months, have caused me to change my attitude, and to propose to vote at the coming election for Judge Parker for President.

The first consideration is the acts of Mr. Roosevelt himself. I have had a great admiration for and affection toward Mr. Roosevelt; and, indeed, I believe few Presidents have won the admiration and affection of the people as he has done. But the very things for which I have admired him, the courage with which he has dared to set politicians at defiance, to assert and maintain his own convictions, the robust and rugged honesty which he has displayed—these principles of conduct he, in his desire to obtain the nomination for a second term, and to secure his election when nominated, seems to have abandoned or compromised.

I do not know how to explain the pension order except as a bid for the pension vote, for which he has consented to sacrifice the interests and the money of the people, handing over from the public treasury millions of dollars to swell an already outrageously inflated pension roll.

His relations to corrupt politicians in Delaware and elsewhere, with certain appointments which seem to be connected with those relations and influenced by them, are of the same character.

His treatment of the postal frauds seemed at the outset so courageous and so sincere that I believed that Department would be thoroughly and completely purged. The lack of achievement following the report of Mr. Bristow and the investigation made by Messrs. Conrad and Bonaparte, the retention in office of the postmaster of New York after the damning report on his administration of his office—such things, taken in conjunction with the attitude of the Republicans in Congress toward investigation, have disappointed and discouraged me.

As in the matter of the postal service, so in the matter of the enforcement of the so-called anti-trust laws. Mr. Roosevelt seemed at the start to be fearless and uncompromising. But the impression which I have received from the conduct of the Administration in the last few months, the refusal of the Attorney-General to prosecute the anthracite combination and his subsequent promotion to the Senate from the State of Pennsylvania, the apparent failure to follow up the Northern merger decision, the unwillingness to utilize the full power of the law by criminal procedure—these, among other things, have led me to feel that here also the desire for re-election has induced the President to stay his hand.

There was a time when I believed Mr. Roosevelt strong enough and brave enough to lead his party to a reform of at least the most glaring tariff abuses. Earlier in his career he condemned the principle of the protective tariff, and even as lately as two years ago he declared that any duty which sheltered a monopoly should be at once abolished. Now he appears to have surrendered entirely to that element which I regard as the most dangerous and the most vicious in the Republican party, and in his letter of acceptance he has, I had almost said wantonly, gone out of his way to make himself an apologist for the present tariff abominations, in striking contrast with Judge Parker, who, at the risk of losing his nomination, declined to compromise his sound money principles.

I do not mean to arraign Mr. Roosevelt as worse than others; I hold him to be far better than most men in public or in private life; but his recent acts and utterances, under temptation of the Presidential nomination and election, have taken from me that feeling toward him as a leader fighting fearlessly for righteousness, whom I followed gladly because I believed in his courage and his honesty and singleness of purpose, though I could not approve of all his acts.

The second consideration which induces me to cast my vote for Judge Parker is the Republican party—its corruption and its vicious industrial policy. Where there is corruption in a party it is generally thought wise to turn that party out and put the other party in power, even though you may not believe the other party to be entirely free from the same taint. In the case of the Republican party it is the more necessary to resort to this course for the reason that its corruption would seem to be a necessary consequence of the industrial policy to which it is committed. We have to-day a tariff which is, I believe, the most excessive and unjust ever promulgated in a civilized community. To the maintenance of this tariff,

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if not to its increase, the Republican party is committed. The tariff beneficiaries, relatively few in number, but thoroughly well organized, with vast means derived from the operation of that tariff, means they are therefore prepared to spend liberally in its support, are in complete control of the party. Even when, some years since, the Republican National Convention formally committed the party to a revision and reduction of the tariff, those beneficiaries were able to control Congress and the President, and, in defiance of the mandate of the Convention, to increase instead of reducing the tariff. Still more recently they increased tariff duties for the professed purpose of negotiating reciprocity treaties. Having obtained the increase, they proceeded to appropriate the profits, refusing to give in return the treaties promised. They are not ready to surrender any of their rich sources of emolument at the expense of the public, and are constantly pressing for new and ever larger bounties from the public purse.

Moreover, while the profits of certain wealthy individuals and corporations, by the exploitation of the public under the guise of the protection of native industries, have been and are almost incredible, yet far worse than the direct loss resulting from this organized system of public robbery is the corruption which these men and their system have wrought in the political life of the country. Wealthy individuals and great corporations have caused legislation to be enacted for their private gain, and it has seemed but fair that the legislators should share the profit. And they have shared it, directly or indirectly, with the result that our whole political life, National, State, and municipal, has become corrupted. Politics has become business, a means of acquiring fortunes at the cost of the public. Reform we must have, and to reform our political life we must commence with the greatest source of this corruption—the tariff, the very underlying principle of which is the right of the individual to secure legislation for his private profit. The tariff is, in fact, not merely an industrial but also a great moral issue, and on this moral issue, the issue of "commercialism in politics," the Republicans have lined up on the wrong side.

The third consideration which influences me is the attitude and character of the candidate for President selected by the Democratic party. The courage and wisdom of Judge Parker's telegram to the St. Louis Convention inspired me with a confidence which has been increased by his letter of acceptance. The money question has been taken out of politics, and the issue of "commercialism," the "graft" of the few at the expense of the many, has been brought to the fore as the issue of this campaign.

(Rev.) JOHN P. PETERS.

New York City.

[We think Dr. Peters mistaken in his impressions as to the facts, though we give them to our readers.—THE EDITORS.]

THE DANGER OF DRIFTING

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The quiet of the campaign, more noticeable with the appreciable nearing of election day, seems to denote general contentment with the existing order of things. There is a prevailing notion that legislation at Washington cannot improve things much; that one's own personal comfort or happiness or financial resources cannot be added to materially in that way, although they could be decreased considerably. When times are pretty bad the notion of a legislative panacea is apt to secure currency, but only when the shoe pinches, or rather when the want of a shoe cuts. Americans do not desire anything radical now. We are used to the McKinley tariff, the possession of the Philippines, the determination to construct the Panama Canal, and it somewhat tickles our fancy to have entered a bit into world politics. We are used also to the formation of somewhat larger corporations than formerly, although there would be general satisfaction if the Beef Trust were broken up; but we are more hopeful of that consummation under President Roosevelt than under Judge Parker, just as we are surer of reasonable minor alterations in the tariff by reciprocity under the former than under the latter.

There is no particular reason why we should change administrations. President Roosevelt is not hasty in important matters. Psychologically, your strenuous, virile man is more apt to be cautious in great crises than is your slow-moving, somewhat stubborn man; witness Roosevelt's handling of the Venezuelan matter and Cleveland's Venezuelan message. President Roosevelt preaches a lot, but then he acts. He is forceful, which is good, even though he has not that consummate tact by which McKinley had nearly broken the solid South. Roosevelt is honest, courageous, morally as well as physically, and is more tolerant of the ideas of others than his letter of acceptance, if read alone, without reference to other words and acts of his, would seem to indicate. Independent newspapers of New York tell President Roosevelt to consider Platt and Odell, how by their bickering they may be encompassing his downfall. Yet New Yorkers have some things for which to thank Odell, for reduced taxation, for example; and the entire country owes the preservation of Niagara to his veto in the face of great corporate desire. What have Hill and Murphy, or rather the man who can supplant Murphy when he chooses—Croker—what have Hill and Croker done for New York, city or State? The country knows Roosevelt by the words and by the louder actions of a decade. It does not know Judge Parker except by words, and few at that. It was thoroughly courageous to risk the honor of a nomination to the Presidency of these United States, but, considering its essence, the thing said, the purpose evinced, Judge Parker's great feat—the gold telegram

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to the Democratic Convention—was an announcement of his determination to stand by a feat of the party for which he did *not* vote in 1896 or 1900, although that party waged those campaigns to accomplish that feat.

In this campaign President Roosevelt may be doing his greatest service to his country. He and his nominee to the captaincy of the campaign have been conducting a purposely quiet contest, without the blare of trumpets. Their appeal has been less to emotion and more to reason. It is the Democrats who are attempting to work up political enthusiasm. The greater such enthusiasm the less will be the judicial consideration of the reasons for or against. In reducing the appeal to the emotions, and offering instead a compact series of propositions and the reasons that he believes evidence their soundness for the calm consideration of the people as judge and jury, in creating the precedent of a campaign of forceful, earnest presentation of facts and arguments in the place of noise and confusion, the President is showing, in a broader and more statesmanlike manner than ever before, his essential character of a reformer. A. W. C.

THE INJURY OF A FATUOUS AGITATION

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Why don't you ask your friend, Francisco R Ycasiano, if he and his Filipino four hundred (or less) compatriots believe they could stand alone if the United States Government should give them their independence (if that were possible) and cut loose from all further responsibility for their well-being or future good behavior.

Without considering any other phase of the question, there is a network of business interests throughout the islands that has been controlled for many years by English and German firms. These would not submit to domination by an untutored native government, and they would sooner or later, and rightfully, call upon their respective governments to protect their interests, and then there would be the mischief to pay. This may be called commercialism, but where is the crime in commercialism?

The powers of the world most interested in the affairs of the Far East are willing that the United States should hold and control the Philippines. But if we should attempt to drop them, as a bone of contention in that storm-center of the Orient, could we hope to escape responsibility and involvement in the turmoil that would follow?

During the insurrection of 1898 and 1899 the insurgent leaders appeared to recognize the fact that they could not be able to maintain a native government without the protection of a stronger power, and in their grown-up childishness they made the attempt, by force of arms, to coerce the United States army into becoming their vassal protector.

This periodic agitation of the question of Filipino independence is a deadly wrong. No truer prophetic words were ever spoken than these of General Lawton: "I would to God that the truth of this whole situation could be known by every one in America as I know it. . . . If I am shot by a Filipino bullet, it might as well come from one of my own men, because I know from observations confirmed by captured prisoners that the continuance of fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America." And for future trouble, sure to come, it requires no prophetic mind to fix responsibility upon those who are guilty through fanatic ignorance or criminal unscrupulousness.

New Orleans, Louisiana. U. S. A.

TIME FOR TARIFF REFORM

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In times past we were a Nation that produced principally a surplus of agricultural products for exportation. But the time has come when we are a manufacturing Nation, and have a surplus of agricultural products seeking markets abroad. The attitude of our Nation has been, through a tariff, to protect our home industries while they were getting established. But we now are seeking markets abroad, are able to compete with foreign manufacturers, and do ship abroad large and increasing amounts of manufactured articles. The attitude of a nation which produces mostly agricultural products can be one of more aggressive protective tariffs than one which is seeking markets for manufactured products; because many of the older nations need to buy the products of the farm, and must have them, but when you seek to sell them manufactured products while keeping up high tariff barriers, the spirit of retaliation asserts itself. Reciprocity is the remedy.

In former times we did not consult with other nations as to conquest or maritime customs or international law. Each nation took the law in its own hands, and retaliation followed, with continual strife. But now we have international law and even rules governing war. In like manner, in former times we had no treaties regarding trade relations; each nation made its own tariff laws regardless of justice to other nations. But civilization demands mutual reciprocal trade agreements—reciprocity treaties. The time has come when it is the interest of this Nation to take down the tariff barriers in exchange for better markets abroad for manufactured products, and at the same time aid the manufacturers who depend for their material upon markets now controlled by trusts, which reap large profits from the tariff protection on the nearly raw product, such as steel, leather, etc.

The Republican party is controlled by the "stand pat" element, who are interested and believe in the same old tariff for protection, while the Democratic party stands for the Iowa idea, or tariff reform to meet the changing conditions of our times.

M. H. DALEY.

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These are Facts

The investment that we offer is twenty-five hundred shares of the seven per cent. preferred stock of The Pennsylvania Soap Company, at $100 per share, par value. With each share of the preferred stock sold, we will give as a bonus one share of the common stock, par value $25.

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We have two large factories at most advantageous points of distribution—one at Lancaster, Pa., one at Buffalo, N. Y.

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We have a highly efficient manufacturing system, a perfected sales department, and an effective advertising method. During the past year we have been pushing two of our three leading staples and are now arranging to push the third. The two articles which we refer to are Miller's Soap (made with Naphtha) and Miller's Powerine.

Miller's Soap is the only soap made by the old-fashioned, honest method of boiling, in which naphtha is introduced. All other naphtha soaps are cold mixed, imperfectly blended, and may be used only with cold water. Miller's Soap may be used with either warm or cold water, giving it a great advantage over all others. We enable the retailer to sell a large cake for five cents.

Miller's Powerine is the perfect soap powder. It contains ammonia combined with the soap by a secret process belonging to us. As to its popularity, there is only one soap powder that exceeds the sales of Miller's Powerine, and that has been exploited a lifetime by a fortune in advertising. A big package of Miller's Powerine retails for five cents.

The third article is Dr. Raub's Medicated Cutaneous Soap. This soap is the production of a dermatologist who devoted the greater part of thirty years to its perfection. Though comparatively this is a twenty-five cent soap, our efficient manufacturing system enables us to produce it at a figure permitting it to be retailed at ten cents. When, as is our intention, this soap is brought to the attention of the women of the country through the high class periodicals, we believe it will be a success of the same kind as Miller's Soap and Powerine.

We Manufacture Hundreds of Other Brands

While these three products are, as we have said, our leading staples, we manufacture hundreds of other brands of soaps and many perfumes to meet the demands of the retail drug and grocery trade, as well as many special brands for large department and chain stores, for hotels, railroads, etc.

We export to twenty-seven countries.

Our business as a whole has increased more than fifty per cent. in one year, which growth is entirely due to prudent management, personal energy and persistent, intelligent advertising.

The advertising which we have done in New York City has brought letters from dealers in all the large cities east of the Mississippi and north of the Carolinas, urging advertising and organization for our products in their cities. So it will be readily seen that there already exists, in embryo, an enormous demand for our goods outside of our cultivated territory. We do not need or want more capital to prosecute our business on its present scale. What we do want this money for is to provide for the growth of our business. We have paid seven per cent. on our present amount of stock with our present facilities. With increased facilities we can even more readily pay seven per cent. on the increased amount of stock, because we can increase our production in more than direct ratio to the increase in stock.

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In event of stockholders wishing to sell, the Pennsylvania Soap Company will undertake the reselling of the stock at any time.

We will send upon request a booklet giving full information about us, our goods and our proposition.

We will also send without charge samples of Miller's Soap, Miller's Powerine and Dr. Raub's Medicated Cutaneous Soap, so that you may practically demonstrate the worth of these goods.

Write or call upon us. In fact, we especially invite all prospective investors to call upon us personally and see our great plant. If you cannot make a personal visit we will be glad to send a representative to you. As to the financial standing of this company we refer you to Dun, Bradstreet's, The Lancaster Trust Company, Lancaster, Pa., The Union Trust Company, Lancaster, Pa., (Registrars of this stock.)

Address all communications to

J. G. MILLER, Treasurer
THE PENNSYLVANIA SOAP COMPANY,
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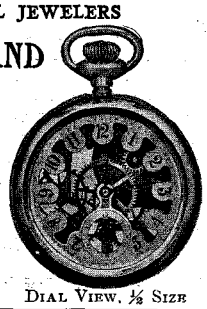

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It is two years this month since I began to teach women the principles of perfect health through mail instructions, and my success has been marvelous. I cannot tell you how happy it makes me to realize that I have relieved over 7,000 women of all sorts of physical ailments by simply strengthening the vital organs, the nerves, the heart, and the lungs. I simply teach them the laws of nature. Their brains are clearer, their cheeks are rosy, their step is buoyant they learn how to breathe, and they express that buoyancy and vivacity of life which is the crown of American womanhood. Surely what I have done for others I can do for you. My work cultivates that distinguished carriage and bearing which bespeak culture and refinement.

True attractiveness is in perfect health, grace of movement, free and wholesome thoughts. These are your birthright and may be retained by simply putting yourself in harmony with nature.

A Corset is Not Needed for a Good Figure

The following are extracts from two of my pupils' letters on my desk as I write:

"I have grown from a nervous wreck into a state of good, quiet nerves."

"I have never felt so **PERFECTLY WELL.** Just think you have Cured me of **INDIGESTION** and **CONSTIPATION** which have bothered me for years and years. Since you have relieved me of these troubles, I have **GAINED THIRTY POUNDS** in weight and have lost the throat trouble which refused to move with medicine."

I will strengthen the **STOMACH** and **NERVES** so that your food will nourish you, strengthen the **LIVER, KIDNEYS,** and **INTESTINES** so that the impurities are thrown off from the system.

Stimulate a **SLUGGISH CIRCULATION** and send the Blood Bounding through your **VEINS** so that the **RHEUMATIC TWINGES** will disappear and you will feel warm and comfortable;

STRENGTHEN a **WEAK HEART** or **LUNGS;**

REDUCE SUPERFLUOUS FLESH or **ROUND OUT** your **FIGURE.**

I can take but a limited number of pupils, because I give each pupil my personal attention. I do not work with a woman unless I am sure I can help her. I **KNOW** I can **REDUCE PROMINENT ABDOMENS** and **HIPS,** build up **THIN NECKS** and **CHEST,** and bring any woman to roundness and symmetry. I have done all of these hundreds and hundreds of times. It is no longer an experiment with me.

Write to me, telling me your particular difficulties, and I will send you letters from my pupils, and give you the names of women who have been relieved of above difficulties. I will tell you just what I feel I can do for **YOU,** and I will send you an instructive leaflet on how to **STAND** correctly. Every woman should know this if she would be perfectly well. I charge you nothing for this leaflet and nothing for my information in regard to your case.

If you have not time to write me of your case to-day and really desire information in regard to my work, cut out this advertisement, giving me your name and address on the line below, and I will send it to you.

.....

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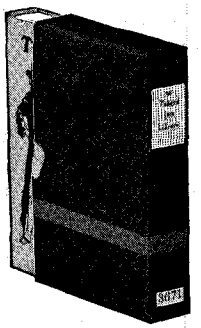

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